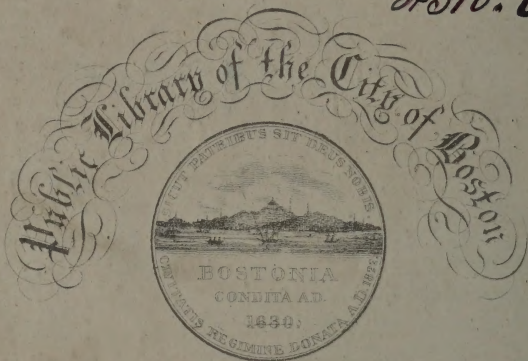


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THE DUTY OF THE TIME.

A

DISCOURSE

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

6260

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1861.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

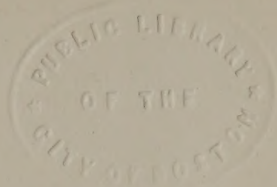
BOSTON:

WALKER, WISE, & CO., 245 WASHINGTON STREET.

1861.

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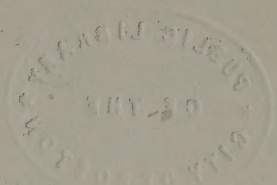
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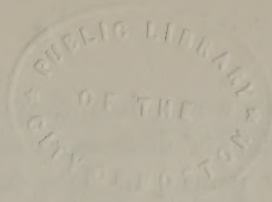
PRINTED BY GEO. C. RAND & AVERY, 3 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

NOTE.

THE discourse was preached before the volunteer company under the command of Captain Dodd, of this city, as well as to the usual congregation.

THE HISTORY OF THE

The first of the three parts of the history of the world, as it is divided into three parts, is the history of the world from the beginning of the world to the present time. The second part is the history of the world from the present time to the future. The third part is the history of the world from the future to the end of the world. The first part is the history of the world from the beginning of the world to the present time. The second part is the history of the world from the present time to the future. The third part is the history of the world from the future to the end of the world.



THE DUTY OF THE TIME.

"KNOWING THE TIME."—*Romans* xiii. 11.

THE reason for understanding our time is that we may perform its duties. Our first duty is self-congratulation and thanksgiving for the time in which, by God's appointment, we live. *Bad times! Dreadful times!* is the frequent greeting in our houses and by the way. It is not a pious greeting, but infidel and atheistic. The time is good if only we are. The "former days" of our fathers were no better than ours. A finer dawn than this never shone for the servants of God and followers of Christ. But do you say it is a time of trouble, disunion, division, and horrid civil war? Yes; but not only so. It is a time of patriotism too, of heroism, of faith in God, and faith in one another. It is a time to see something besides the pedler's cart; to hear something grander than the sound to an idle ear of a hand-organ; to care for something more than driving a sharp bargain; to purchase with blood, if at no lower price, the application of endangered but immortal principles of justice, humanity, and truth. Thank God for the good time of 1861! Lexington-plains or Bunker-heights shall not shine in our annals brighter than Boston streets with the marching for the country of to-day.

The times worse than they were a year or ten years ago? A time of distress, conflict, danger, uncertainty, necessarily poorer, or less desirable, than a time of ease, comfort, self-confidence, and luxury? No! In prosperity, people decay. Men grow corrupt, and women vain. Youth wastes its strength, and becomes early old in vicious experience, when there is plenty at hand, no motive to self-denial, and every means of indulgence. Well did a gray-headed man, who had built his character and fortune on hardship, say it was absolutely frightful to contemplate the sloth and pleasure of the day. Is it not better for the ship to be torn in the tempest on her course, than to rot at the wharf? The nation was beginning to rot in the midst of its riches; to be dissipated in its boundless possessions; to be lost in the conceit of its territorial estate, and to fancy through half its borders that an inferior race was made, with manly sweat and womanly honor, to contribute to its enjoyment, opulence, and service. It was a very perilous condition. We were puffed up, North and South, with success and self-opinion. We were not very good or holy anywhere. We were in jeopardy of becoming politically dissolute,—worse than being dis-united. God has interposed for our rescue. A higher will than man's has brought the crisis. The trumpet, blown from Heaven, summons to a struggle against our own sins. The fog of doubt and corruption, that hung close, foul, and suffocating around us, clears up as with a peal of thunder. The bad time was three months ago. The bayonets bristling through a thousand miles, awful as is the sight of their glittering sharpness, are a better omen than anarchy. The rage of battle is preferable to public degradation, to falsify-

ing of freedom in her own name, and general decline of conscience through the land.

The country is going all to pieces, said one. No; the country is being mended! It *was* going to pieces when those in office under its roof, sitting at its board, and living at its expense, stole with impunity its property, betrayed its defences, and used their knowledge of all the passages in the people's house, to show the way for assassins to rob and murder the inmates in their beds. All this is changed or changing now. The smitten and for awhile sinking or quivering beam of justice is rising slow and sure against all the weight of wrong. I thank God that my lot on earth is cast in this region now. It is again a martyr-age. The breed of confessors has come back. Old and young are exalted and nobler, all around us, than they were before. The great question that has risen to be settled, has increased by more than the scripture-cubit our moral stature. All our intellectual and spiritual proportions are expanded. No poor words of my speaking can describe, but only tears and heart-throbs own the glory of this unanimous disinterestedness with which the wealthy empty their coffers, and the stalwart lavish their strength, and mothers bestow their sons, and husbands, brothers, lovers, friends, and all the dearest relations are laid on the altar,—that altar of their country, which is the altar of God. It is the work of the Lord, and not of man. It is a good day to live. "Things go from bad to worse in the United States," said Louis Napoleon. But the more rapidly worse they grow, the sooner they will be better. The world never saw a greater day than this in the issues of lasting moment that are involved. Never was there a war

into which such lofty motives went, or in which so vital and enduring issues were to be determined. Does history tell us it was a good day when our ancestors struck for liberty, and broke the chain which bound the colonies to the British crown? History, with steady pen, will tell generations of our children and grandchildren to come, it was a good day when their forefathers, we of this period, resisted the advance of a sterner and more fatal than English despotism,—made room for the independence of mind, and thought and speech that was choking, and fainting, and dying among us, to breathe once more; and the mountains, and plains, and prairies of twenty millions of people sent their offspring in a gathering of unequalled grandeur, to the rescue. A sublime sight; the myriad isolated, superficially cold individualities of New England, that have been standing each as on its own glass-legged stool, to give out its own spark of electricity at pleasure, now flaming and flowing together in a common feeling! Egotism is gone. Pride is abolished. Avarice, the monster, is dead. Fashion is exchanged for enthusiasm. Classes are nowhere seen. Mere talk and ambitious rhetoric are over, resigning in favor of deeds or of words, like Luther's, that are themselves half-battles. As sometimes the Connecticut River over-runs its banks, and fences and property divisions are obliterated, and trees stand up to their waists in water, so the dry ground of our ordinary plodding is turned into a surging lake of emotion. I have heard it called a *mania*, sweeping us out of ourselves. But, truly, it is a very calm and settled and self-possessed sort of madness. With all the motion and interest,—so that you cannot, from man, woman, or child, high or

low, catch in the air a stray word of any conversation as you pass but relates to the subject,—what order and, shall I say, characteristic composure! Our soldiers in Baltimore insulted, hooted at, stoned, their muskets wrenched from them, yet keeping orderly step with bleeding faces, and not raising a gun to fire till directed by the civil chief there, exemplified well this sobriety. Their splendid behavior, in the fame of ages, shall offset, as the great picture of this time, the blackness of the scowling mob. This made them, not murderers, but martyrs. A special divine ordination, and no chance, fixed the date of the now forever doubly illustrious nineteenth of April, for blood, from the very same locality of the first engagement of the revolution, to be shed at the beginning of a far greater struggle. That blood made of Massachusetts one man. One could almost covet it, wetting the cars and streaming there on the pavement, for his own blood. We do claim it as ours! We may have a humble State pride in what has won unbounded State praise. The blind mob unwittingly did a service to the truth, as the mob at the crucifixion contributed to the salvation of the world. The few drops ran back a torrent into our veins. It revived and nerved us. It recruited all the North for the campaign. Being holy blood as it was, may it sanctify us to holiness as well as courage! May it be subservient in us to a love for our fellow-citizens, fellow-countrymen, and fellow-creatures, that will purge us of all blood-thirstiness, and consecrate us without anger, malice, or revenge, to the accomplishment of the widest ends, which we will never relinquish, of honesty, true brotherhood, and final peace. Let war itself be to us

no matter of jesting or rejoicing, but a sad necessity, — the means to uphold right, wicked men drive us to use.

Is it said we are plunging into fratricidal strife? Not only civil war, but all war is fratricidal, as all men are our brethren. But are traitors to their country more our brethren than are dwellers on a foreign shore? I know not what you will say, but only what I must say myself. He, that would promote equity and goodness in any region on earth, is my brother. God grant there be no more harm to fraternal flesh among us than we need to wake the fraternal soul! Want of universal brotherly feeling has moved the strife. “The next pretext for disunion,” said Andrew Jackson, in a letter written up and down with angular strokes, as with his sword, “will be the slavery question.” God grant the next everlasting bond of union be the equal freedom of all!

But it is a time not for self-congratulation only, in the general awakening of other men. It is a time, too, for personal self-sacrifice. Our income is to be halved, our expenditure for our country doubled. Our kith and kin are, when called for, to be allowed to go into the hazards of the fight. Bear witness, those already gone from these very seats! Behold a token before your eyes in the troops, whom we welcome to our worship, officered from our church! In the flames at Norfolk of our burning stores and ships; millions melting in smoke rather than they should fall into the enemy’s hands; in that by no means total loss, spiritually considered, see a signal of sacrifice! In the munitions of war at the Charlestown navy-yard, that make one ship as costly as many a whole town of buildings, as she goes before the breeze, the most wondrous engine and accumulated mass

of inventions from the hand of man, see what human nature must pay to right its own wrong! Sacrifice is the specific for the exigency, the duty of the hour. In whatever way we can be useful, let us throw ourselves in! Jesus Christ threw himself in. We have preached self-culture. Our Master's principle was not self-culture, but self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice let us preach! Not what a fine thing we can make of ourselves from earth or heaven, for time or eternity, with our study and science, literature and art, should be our aim; but how we can help and save others. For this it will bless us to lose half our property,—like the first Christians taking joyfully the spoiling of our goods. This indeed is what we have been in a fortnight regenerated to do. A little while ago we were not what we are. A shot at our country, holding up her colors in her hand at Fort Sumter, echoes in our ears, and we are born again; Pharisees no more, but lowly publicans in the kingdom. This religion alone can gain the battle, while the terrible North, as the fate and finger of God, moves to meet the tropical South. All self-sacrifice now is in place. If fighting be not my particular vocation, I should be ashamed not to appreciate the soldier. If sewing be not my particular vocation, I should be ashamed not to appreciate the women who make the soldiers' shirts. How it inspires us to see the hero rising where we never imagined him, the saint appearing from hiding in many a quiet bosom, and the population far and wide uplifted! Let our economy and generosity at least show the sacrifice, of which so many in the risk of all that is mortal are ready to furnish the proof; while of actual slaughter, we will pray, and you soldiers pray with us, may there be only so much as is necessary for the ransom of liberty, union, and national

life ! But precious things come dear ; we must be willing to give the price.

In or out of battle, it is a time also for prayer. Prayer the thing in this busy time ? Yes, and I will tell you why. It is because prayer is a power with God ; for only they can heartily pray who are for the right ; and their prayer brings Almighty aid. It summons good angels to hover over the ranks of the honest and brave. It makes the cloud of witnesses surround and attend them as an unseen host. It must fetch adverse influence from the heavens to those that combat for a treacherous and inhuman plot ; till the displeasure of all pure spirits shall weigh strangely upon them, and the judgment of the Most High unawares oppress and discourage their souls. The doom is writ for all in evil undertakings, that they soon shall be melancholy men. They feel it in the air, in their hearts, they know not why. It is the opposition of spirits and the prayer of the good. To the wicked king, before the day of battle, the ghost said, "Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !" *Be not down-hearted*, exclaimed a soldier to some mournful-looking friends at the State House,—*you pray for us, and we will fight for you*. Not in wrath or vengeance would he fight who said that, but at the bidding of the God he believed to be on his side. God is for those who are for him in his creatures' good. When we read, in Homer, of the heathen gods mingling in the fray, we call it a fine fancy. But it is a reality, which makes the poetry everlasting, that celestial strength is always pledged to righteous enterprise. Let us implore its descent abundantly in this solemn hour of our land. We propose nothing for which we cannot pray ! God cannot prosper aggressors who shoot and stab us in the

back as we go peacefully to defend the Nation's Capital, over the nation's highway. God will not give the triumph to those whose stealing and lying, treasonable abuse of office, taking of salary while wounding the hand by which they were fed, surrendering of forts, and demoralizing of our troops for our ruin, all have been a shooting and stabbing of the nation in the back. Even the dollar is afraid of them, and in their sinking stocks runs away; Christian women, grown warlike, pronounce their doom; for the doom is spoken to whatever Christian womanhood grows warlike against; spirits from above, of light and goodness, not technically reckoned in the number of our troops, range themselves with us; and gentle daughters and sisters wish to nurse the wounded, and are almost sorry they cannot join the ranks of the well. So far as may be consistent with the rectitude of God's laws, and the accomplishment of the purposes for which we enlist and shall carry, may the work of the avenger be short!

Once more, it is a time to maintain our civilization, as well as war. We can, I believe, finish this controversy, and keep up the order of society too. We can send the soldiers, and take care of their homes. We can open our treasury for the military equipment, and have enough for the poor. We can gain the victory, and starve, meantime, no species of productive industry or honorable trade. We have ample resource to do it. Liberty shall prevail with threefold preponderance over bondage and tyranny, without putting all her sons into uniform or turning her entire territory into a camp. For such as stay at home, it is a time to stand at their several posts, and discharge their manifold functions for the common weal, that the old and the young,

the weak and the sick, be not neglected, that those for a time widowed, childless, and without their dearest friends, — God grant a glad coming back ! — may be comforted, and all social needs supplied.

One word to you, soldiers, whose aspect shows you girt and ready for the duty assigned you at this era of time. To that duty by those in command, I am sure you will be well and bravely led. To the emergency that has arrived, your own mind is made up. Wherefore are you in your array, but that you have judged there is something for you to prize more than life ? The existence, union, liberty, flag of your country, is what you esteem more than life. Not conscripts, but volunteers, you are inspired with willingness to die, if need be, for a sentiment ; and that, let me tell you, is manhood, nobility, divinity in the human soul, and, if you fall, glorious immortality. If God will, may you, among the deliverers of your land, return safe to the homes that will yearn after you and cover you with answers from heaven to their ascending petitions, when you are gone. But you do not go to be shielded ! You go to be yourselves, with your own exposed breasts, your country's shield. If for this any of your blood should be required, it will be sacred blood, enviable in our sight, offered to the Most High. Be courageous, be temperate, be patient of trials and privations harder to bear than the excitement of conflict ; be full of tender pity, as of stern resolve, with a heart to feel, such as a naval captain on the Minnesota told me his men had. Forgive and commend to divine mercy the enemies you must oppose. Prove to advocates of the peace we all desire, that the Christian virtues can flourish in the field of war, and bloom in beauty in your

souls! Dishonor your pure cause with no speck of hate, or deed of violence. Set up and keep up your banner. Let it not go down unless you all go with it! With but half a heart we went into the Mexican war. Give a whole heart to preserve this government from being destroyed. Do your part to decide well the momentous issue of the hour; and though it is a time of sober thinking and tearful parting now, there shall come a time of joyful meeting hereafter. There shall come great reward in the results of your devotion to redeem your native soil, and re-establish the republic. There shall come, flying back from heaven, the freedom our fathers brought over the foaming sea. There shall come, beyond every contention or division, to all who have fought a good fight in their time, eternity of holiness, blessedness, love, and peace.

God help us all to uphold the standard, which has in its folds no meaning of the venomous serpent raised by some, but whose stars of benignant order and light the stars in the sky shall not outlive! God help us to stand by America, our own mother, all the more for her present sorrows, as we would by the parent that bore us! God help us to heal the wounds of liberty in our land, as we do those of the tree of liberty, whose old wrestling with the storm did something to inspire the human struggle for independence! Let us say, with the officer returning from abroad, "our country shall have us and the last drop in our veins." As she feels round to find herself, let her find us her living members, and let us so identify ourselves with her that, mutilate her who will, she may be sensible of her own identity. If war be necessary to save her life, it is a holy war. Let us wage war to keep off evils worse

than itself. May the thunder-storm of battle pass, and carry our corruption with it, leaving the air pure. God give the triumph to the right! and may we all be, in his mercy, again together, if not on the face of the earth and in the light of the sun, yet in another wondrous region, which we look for, of good fellowship and unity with the faithful and the true, and all souls redeemed from their sins.

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OUR SACRIFICES.

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S E R M O N

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

NOVEMBER 3, 1861,

BEING THE SUNDAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF
LIEUT. WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM.

By C. A. BARTOL.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
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S E R M O N .

"THE BEAUTY OF ISRAEL IS SLAIN UPON THY HIGH PLACES."—
2 Samuel i. 19.

WHAT a *dreadful sacrifice*, I have repeatedly heard it said, and you have repeatedly heard it said, if you have not repeatedly said it yourselves, as tidings of one after another fresh calamity from the theatre of the nation's struggle smite on our ears. But no sacrifice stands alone, begins and ends in itself, or is ever to be regarded as so much blank loss. Let us not overlook the use of sacrifice. It is the law of our life, that all earthly progress in every good cause starts in sacrifice, lives on sacrifice, and without ever-new sacrifice would faint and die.

It was a great sacrifice, and David so esteemed it, when Saul and his son Jonathan, and two other sons besides, lay dead on the field under the arrows of the Philistine archers, who took great spoil of the Israelites' wealth also and their weapons of war. David writes a dirge on the occasion, perhaps the earliest from his sublime pen; and, if so, then the tender muse of his sacred poems truly was born

in sorrow and baptized in tears, as the very child of sacrifice. Yet, sad as the occasion was, it was not wholly lamentable. The death of Saul from the dart and the sword, and the fall on the field of Jonathan, whom David loved as he probably never loved man or woman else, with the knitting to him of his very soul, were not sacrifices absolute. Great use was there in the seeming waste of that royal and princely blood. The Philistines with their savage barbarous host were not helped on to victory by the slaughter that exacted those precious lives. Their stroke recoiled. The blood of Saul and Jonathan, that ran out of their veins, apparently to stop still and clotted as a pool on the earth, ran back somehow and was re-infused into the people. It made the blood of the whole kingdom tingle with unprecedented life and zeal. The damp sprinkling at the mouth of the furnace kindles the fire it but superficially quenches to a hotter glow; and no vital current that still flowed was so mighty for the triumph of the Israelites as that which was spent and spilt like water on the ground. David, warrior and king as well as psalmist, was kinged indeed, as he was crowned in form, by the martyrdom he mourned; the wild tribes of Amalek, the freebooters and enslavers of their day, were scattered before his sceptre and spear;—and, had there been no other fruit from the gore that enriched the ground of Gilboa, the ode itself that has come down to us with immortal inspiration, a song and a picture too, were

worth, in its stirring influence as a grand celebration of friendship and honor, the lives of a thousand men. Though David curses the mountains to have no rain or dew, food for all time has been gathered from their growth out of death.

We have had ages of success in this country; now has come our age of sacrifice. Manhood as noble and leadership as brave as Saul's, youth as lovely and winning as Jonathan's, have been immolated to that spirit of war which so pervades the race of man, like the air overhangs land and sea, and rages as fiercely now in our American borders as once on the Hebrew shores. But is it a bad age, undesirable to live in, because it is an age of sacrifice? No,—every sacrifice for a worthy object is really in the soul no sacrifice at all. We never made or can make a bare sacrifice for truth and justice, our country and God. The blessed use overpays all our surrender. When, in any affair, we get more than we give up, are we not to be content with the dealing? "*These are our sacrifices,*" said one man to another on leaving this church last Monday. "*And our glories too,*" was the reply. Fidelity to our convictions and living as we believe, at whatever cost of substance or existence, are the only glories we are equal to;—and he is but a craven who weighs comfort or fortune or peace for a moment in the scale with honor and duty and the public weal. What is your or my flesh and blood in comparison with loyalty to our principles? Verily, it is to be ac-

counted but as so much dirt and stones in the streets, or a little dust in the vast sweeping of the floor of mortality into the grave. If it be wanted for any worthy service, let us say, *Here it is!*

Much has been said of the sacrifice of property, which might all have been spared had we interposed no obstacle to this Southern rebellion, had we smothered our resentment at the insult to our flag, and let the insurgents with their institutions have their own way. But in what a torrent to repel them we drain our funds! Foreign writers, especially in England, have sent over sardonic speculations and queries how we, with our government and banks, shall solve the financial problem looming through the clouds of battle in our lowering political sky. In the American land and American soul Providence will find or put value enough to solve it. Europe may dismiss both her honest over-solicitude for our welfare, and any premature exulting at our downfall, disbeliever however she may be in our democracy, forgetting her own revolutions and consuming wars. There has been some destruction of property of which only as a melancholy abomination we can think. But it has been not at our own, but the anarchists' hands, that railways and bridges are wantonly destroyed and coast-lights put out. Nearly all at least of our sacrifices of property, the fruit of industry, have been in the legitimate furtherance of our righteous aims. Yet an enormous sacrifice we must own it to be. The mustering and accou-

tring of forces, the pay-roll and rations for subsisting the army, the huge negative loss in a wide desertion of the pursuits of productive industry, the vast expense of the naval military power in its splendid fleets, — one of which has just sailed: Heaven-spced be it on its righteous errand! — and all the munitions of battle; — the treasure that is fired away in the explosive powder, whistling ball, bursting shell, and countless missiles, most of which are lost in space or buried in the ground, barren of any result; — the time, the strength, the skill, all of which are money, consumed in the long indecisive strife, taxation aggravated and the future pledged; — our imagination staggers in attempting to sum up the sacrifice in the form of property which labor and capital and trade hardly earn and slowly accumulate, — property, yes, perhaps a thousand millions, enough to endow countless colleges and asylums, lavished on the demon of war.

But if, with all this expenditure, a stand is made against oppression and wrong, if a prospect is opened for liberty and union, if the republic can be redeemed by this sacrifice, shall it not be made with a joyful will? Truly, all profusion for such ends is economy, — and excellent housekeepers they from whom it comes! To what better account can our property be put? What should we do with the heap of our riches, if we were allowed to go on swelling it, in a course of endless prosperity? Nothing but good, think you, abolishing distress and poverty, equalizing the human lot, promoting

science and art, building up at home and in heathen parts the kingdom of God?—or much evil too, hardening ourselves in avarice, enervating ourselves with luxury, corrupting ourselves with vice, and going the same down-hill track other nations have taken, Rome and Babylon, Nineveh and Tyre, with the fat and recalcitrating Jeshurun, whose name personified the degenerate Israelites, amid all *their* milk and honey, of old? Dubious, from human nature as well as history, to such questioning would be the reply. But we are *not* allowed to go on uprearing these ant-hills of our golden sand. We are stripped of our increasing wealth. Our glittering houses of earthly gain, under the tramp of the living ideas of the time, are broken and diminished. Great and grievous appears the sacrifice. Simple sacrifice, however, it is not. One advantage will come of it. We shall at least never rot in our riches. Those stooping from age will now no longer more with gold than with years be cumbered and bowed to the ground. Our youth will not, in idleness and dissipation, run riot with the means otherwise bestowed. Our children, with our estates, will be devoted, in some mode of service, at home or at the seat of conflict, to the commonwealth. Nay, we shall, with this substance of ours, not only serve and sacrifice to, but rescue and for our posterity perpetuate the commonwealth yet, for all that has come and gone of our temporary reverses and the power of treason, so poor but for its robberies, to keep still on foot;—and what price for

such ransom of the land shall be deemed too high? Truly, it shall not be reckoned with silver or much fine gold. With it, as with wisdom, not even rubies shall be compared. If freedom be the purchase, the money it comes to shall be a very little thing, though the purse of Croesus were emptied.

But we have only begun to tell the story of sacrifice when we speak of property alone. We might be better off, reduced to Spartan simplicity, by losing half of that. I think many of us would be. We are making a great sacrifice, however, of happiness too. The weeping of young and elder women, which you and I have noticed in the doorways, as the successive regiments formed and passed along, shows but a few drops of the flood of grief within. The heart-throb as you part from, perhaps never to see again, that which is dear to you as the apple of your eye, is not light, though it makes no noise, like the pulsing drum and trumpet, in the air. The anxiety of wives and mothers, lovers and friends, respecting the absent, however meekly borne as from the will of God, wears on the springs of life. The report of a fatal result to some object of affection rends the heart-strings in which his form was enwoven. When tidings of wounds or death have reached one dwelling, the doubt pervading the entire community whither now the angel of death will fly, and on what threshold next the waiting inmates may see the crimson stain, weighs as a burden which only the grace of Heaven can help to bear. The whole Christian feeling of the people too is troubled and torn

at the horrid spectacle of war between fellow-men, fellow-citizens, nay, offspring sometimes of the same ancestry, begotten and born of one parentage, perhaps rocked in the cradle together and consecrated from the womb to brotherly love, now arrayed on opposite sides, and seeking to pierce each other's breasts.

But the sacrifice even of happiness in all this affectional and moral pain we must make cheerfully. Do you say it is an excessive sacrifice? Whether it is excessive depends on what it is made for; and I plead, there is for it reason enough, and a fully atoning object. It is no more than belongs to our actual cause. Jesus Christ did not hesitate to promulgate his religion, though he foresaw it would divide families and make a man's foes to be those of his own household, and put a sword into numberless hands; for, spite of all such mischief and misery, he knew how preponderant to the world would be the benefits of his Gospel. We must not draw back from our dread crisis and ordeal of fire; for it is the only mode that appears of maintaining our fathers' enterprise of a free and Christian community on these Western shores. What other practicable method there is will you tell me? I see none. As the bitter sacrifices multiply and grow severe, some are tempted to ask if we have not in all this business made some horrid mistake. They shrink from further waging the terrible strife, and are almost ready for any mean compromise. But the sufferers, from whom the sacrifices have

been or may be taken, do not shrink. They have counted the cost. They, like Jesus, have had their agony beforehand. It has been in the garden more than on the cross. Therefore they, like him, endure the cross so meekly, with a serene beauty of behavior by which some, who think only of their affliction, are amazed. They conclude their offering to country, to liberty and God, when they send their sons and brothers to the war.

Besides, in this matter of sacrifice, let us remember, sacrifice in some shape we cannot avoid. It is for us, as for the Hebrews, standing among their flocks, to determine what particular sacrifice we will choose. Sacrifice, greater or less, we must make. We have but an alternative. Should we withhold our present sacrifice, what must be the substitute? Our whole political system broken up! The banner of the United States, — God bless it! — not only fired at on one fort or lowered from a single staff, but everywhere displaced, banished, and destroyed! The seat of government taken, and the federal authorities, by the vote of the whole people fairly chosen, disgraced and dispersed! An end to that dream of liberty for which our sires crossed the sea, and were willing to cross the other narrower but more fearful sea of death, as so many of them did. A worse despotism than they fled from, a slavery they would have shuddered to foresee, and as they look down from heaven must deplore, spreading without check through our territories, prescribing as a sovereign

our legislative policy, winning or forcing the magnificent stretch of our soil to itself; or, if the stubborn old Puritan stock should still revolt and hold out against its insolent sway, leaving this little corner of New England out in the cold here to shift for itself and be subject to all the ignominious dictations of a neighboring despotic realm. Will you make *such* a sacrifice, instead of the sacrifice you have already brought? One or the other you must elect. Which, brethren and sisters, shall it be? How should we like sacrifice coming in this style, of the kicks and buffets of one domineering empire or of a row of arrogant rival States? Would not all this other sacrifice be the greatest and worst? For one, I must say it is no point of wavering with me. By no reverses is my judgment changed. The will of God, which is equity, is not changed. Your resolve, which is patriotism, is not changed. No,—rather than fail to vindicate the proper institutions of the land, let us rise, and let us fall, to the last man! Let us not be nice in our preference as to the blow that shall smite us or the ditch into which we shall be thrown. Let us pick out a big burial-place for what may remain of us or ours; or, should we survive our country and American liberty, let us emigrate to some other clime, till it please God to take us to the franchise of heaven.

But we have not come to despair of the republic. We do not expect its foes to conquer. It is not unlikely their strength, kept up with valor so

fierce and grim in a bad enterprise, when it yields, may suddenly give way, with awful and utter collapse. But only by the virtue of our unfaltering resolve pressing hard upon it. There is nothing for us, then, but to stick to that side of sacrifice we have espoused already, and turn it from the horn of a dilemma into a horn like David's, exalted with honor. We must gain the victory. To gain it in battle, we must gain it in our hearts; we must gain it in our households, we must gain it at home. But one end of our army in fact is in the field. The other end is here. It is composed, not of men, but women. Tender maidens and venerable matrons are in it, instead of soldierly veterans and valiant youth. The unsheathed needle is all their armory, instead of cannon, musket, and sword. But it serves as well; nay, it is, in their hands, essentially strong to support cannon and musket and sword. If our case is won, to them as much as to the ranks in uniform will the credit be due; for, without woman's siding with him, in nothing can man succeed. Well is it recorded that woman was formed of man and brought to him. "The rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman." Were her encouragement withdrawn, I should be unnerved, if I could be by anything less than the abandonment of the Most High. It is glorious to see woman's rights by woman herself all absorbed now in woman's duty. Let man and woman together yield the sacrifice of this sad but necessary war. We thought in-

deed war for us was over. We heard it grumbling on in the distant corners of the earth; but we fancied the monster, formerly ravaging here too, now a phantom for us, gone from our paradise too far to come back, as in a quiet night we see Mars and the Great Bear so cool and noiseless in the sky. Yet it revisits us in all its wrath. Let us deal with and carry it on in such a spirit and design as shall convert it from an enemy to a friend. Let us make it, not the ruiner, but regenerator of our land. Then all the sacrifices it exacts will be sanctified. God willing and his children faithful, they shall be sanctified. By the same blast which blows away the first froth of self-confidence from the surface, the deeper purpose is stirred. Our gloomy fear, too, as well as vanity, the wind shall scatter. As I looked at twilight lately from my window, I saw the evening star in splendor such as I never saw equalled before. Clouds had been on it; mists had obscured its face. But they had passed with fugitive haste, nor robbed it of a single beam. Why with such especial brightness did it shine to the eye? It shone so brightly because it had been dimmed! So shall it be with this other planet, of light and freedom, our country in the West. Clouds may blot its lustre. They are over us now. But they will break, as, at this moment of my speaking, yonder storm breaks and lets into these windows a clearer ray. We may sacrifice our sunny happiness for a while. But not for outward happiness

were we made, but for inward blessedness, through self-denial at first, completed in ecstasy at last. If we can bless each other and society by coining our comfort and heart's blood into a self-sacrificing service, let us not hold back.

Familiar events prove that to property and happiness we must personally, like the Jews in old Canaan, for ourselves or those dearest to us, add the sacrifice of life. To one, among many such noble and widely commemorated sacrifices, I wish, in closing, to refer, not to gratify myself or any others peculiarly concerned, but, through the public attention, already fixed on it by circumstances of thrilling interest, for the benefit, as great as can be derived from any sermon, of delineating what I must consider a model of human worth. William Lowell Putnam, born July 9th, 1840, Lieutenant in a Massachusetts company, fell bravely fighting for his country, in the act probably of at once leading on his men and making a step to the relief of a wounded officer, in the battle of Ball's Bluff, October 21st, 1861, and he died, at the age of 21, the next day. The State that gave him birth, and to which he gave back honor, joined with his kindred and friends in celebrating his obsequies in this church, last Monday, October the 28th. The coffin lay on the same spot occupied, nine months ago, by that of Dr. Charles Lowell, his maternal grandfather. The corse of the soldier and hero, surmounted with the sword unwielded and motionless in its scabbard, was not unworthy to succeed here that of the

preacher and saint ; for spiritual weapons were no cleaner in the hands of the first than carnal ones in those of the last. Striking was the contrast made by the youth's silken locks and smooth, fair cheeks, cold in death, with the white hair on the furrowed brow that had also reposed at the shrine so long vocal with well-remembered tones of an eloquent and holy mouth. But there was more union than separation. The benignant resolution of the elder's expression was repeated in the sweet firmness of the young man's lips. They seemed as near together in spirit as circumstantially wide apart. The two venerable names of Lowell and of Putnam — the eminent jurist, as beloved as he was distinguished * — were well united in that of the youth ; for he justified every supposable law of hereditary descent by continuing in his temper and very look, with the minister's loving earnestness, the singular cordiality, the wondrous and spotless loving-kindness, which in his paternal grandfather's manner was ever like a warm beam of the sun. The delicacy due to the living allows me only to point to a picture such as is seldom exhibited, in

* Samuel Putnam was born 1768, and died 1853. At the bar he was particularly distinguished for his knowledge of Commercial Law, a chivalric sense of honor and duty, and uniform amenity of manners.

On the Bench of the Supreme Court, where he served for twenty-eight years, the exhibition of these powers of mind and elements of character gained for him universal affection and respect ; and his opinions in that branch of the law are esteemed among the most valuable contributions to jurisprudence to be found in the Reports of the State of Massachusetts.

his only surviving grandparent, of an intelligently contented, industriously cheerful, Christian old age,—still growing riper and fresher towards almost ninety years. A worthy grandchild William was. He bore out in action, in danger and death, every rising signal and promise of his brief but beautiful life. In the conflict, he cared more for others' peril than for his own. He sank, from all his forward motion, under one mortal wound. But, while he suffered, he smiled. He deprecated any assistance to himself as vain; he urged all to the work before them, and even forbade his soldiers to succor him. "Do not move me," he said to his friend; "it is your duty to leave me; help others; I am going to die, and would rather die on the field." With noble, yet well-deserved support, however, he was borne nearly a mile to the boat at the fatal river's brink by Henry Howard Sturgis of this city, who left him only to return to fight in his own place, and afterwards watched him like a mother in the hospital, hoping for his restoration. As he lay prostrate, knowing he could not recover, he beckoned to his friend to come to him, that he might praise the courage of his men in the encounter, rather than to say anything of himself. With such patient composure he endured his anguish and weakness, probably no mortal but himself could suspect how far he was gone. He sent home the simple message of love. Brightly, concealing his pangs, he wore away the weary hours. Cheerfully, on the Tuesday morning which was his last on earth, he spoke to his

faithful servant, George. He closed his eyes at length, and did not open them again, presenting, and perhaps knowing, no distinction between sleep and death. He "is not dead, but sleepeth," might it not have been said again? But, like the child raised by our Lord, he slept but a little. The greatness of his waking who shall tell?

I looked often and earnestly on that young man's face, in the house and by the wayside; and now that I can see it in the flesh no longer, it still hangs and shines conspicuous in the gallery of chosen portraits in my mind. I would fain put into some photograph of words what it expressed, and what the likeness fortunately taken of him largely preserves, respecting others' testimony while I render my tribute, and blending their views with my own; for I find in all estimates of him a notable uniformity. The first impression which any one beholding him would have received, was of a certain magnanimity. The countenance was open, and, as from an ample doorway, the generous disposition to meet you came out. There was a remarkable mixture of sweetness and independence in all his aspect and bearing. From his very gait and salutation you would perceive that his mind was made up, and he meant something by his glance or utterance; as one who knew him said, there was *character* in whatever he did. I am not sure a discernor of spirits might not have gathered, before he elected his part, from his effective carriage and fine physical development, signs of a military taste. Yet, if the

martial inclination were in him, it was combined with a strong aversion to take life or inflict distress. He proved once more, as it has been proved ten thousand times, that the brave is also the tender heart. But above all mortal considerations of pleasure or pain was his regard for justice and truth. He had a rare native rectitude. He never deviated from sincerity. If anything could grieve him, or, even in his childhood, move him for a moment from the admirable felicity of his temper, it would be any calling in question of his word. But the sensibility in him that felt all forgave all too; and without the sensibility that measures our forgiveness, our forgiveness is nothing worth. Beyond any passion, he evinced the reason in which his passion was held. Coolness in him covered enthusiasm; the gravity of deep though early experience repressed the sparkles of natural humor; a heart wistful of affection attended self-reliance; the modest and almost diffident was the courageous soul; by ready concession to another's correctness in any debate, he curbed a mounting will; and he suited the most explicit clearness of opinion to the perfect gentleman's ways. With his seriousness went along a keen sense of the ludicrous, by which almost every highly moral nature is quick to observe what is outwardly awry, as well as what is intrinsically wrong; but he was more apt, when he laughed, to laugh at himself than at other folks. He could contend also, but never from love of contention. He would fight only for a great object; he went to the

war in his country's emergency, at the outset proposing to go as a private; and he intended to return to the study and practice of the law if he survived. *If he survived*: but no sanguine thought of surviving did he entertain. He had no reserves; he was a devotee in arms. He offered himself as though less to slay than be slain were his end. No more of hero than martyr was in his mood, as in his doom. He threw his life in without scruple, with the ancient judging it sweet and decorous to die for one's country; and the parental presentiment, that die he would, was matched in the entire readiness for such an event with which the always fearless son, under no shadow of his own apprehension, marched on to the fatal fray. In every extremity he was self-possessed. If by one word I must mark the quality most prominent in his deportment, I should call it *balance*. Did this unqualified courage, in one extraordinarily conscious of existence, and with constitutional tenacity rooted in the present life, spring from the faith he so vividly had in immortality? and did that faith in turn spring from a profoundly religious trust in God? I believe it! I believe even the exuberant, vivacious, frolicsome boy had in him the germ, afterwards to open, of all this faith and trust. Impulsive, he did not act from impulse, but from that contemplation on the truth of the universe which told him on what impulse to proceed, and marked his way over the earth into the heavens.

Precious intellectual gifts, mostly philosophic,

though with no want of imagination, were in our brother, so that his friend abroad, Guépin, expected in him great scientific attainments, — while he spoke French, German, and Italian, in the style of the common people, whom he loved, as well as the dialect of the refined circles. He was fond of reading, but only of the best works in composition of any kind; and he left an exciting romance half finished, at the hint of something not wholesome or altogether lofty in the author's tone. His mind and heart were in unison, and on his young companions, as well as elders, he made the same stamp of a superiority permitting only one idea of him. It were hard to tell whether the reflective or executive faculties prevailed, so exact in his very nature was their poise. But the moral in him ever presided over the intellectual. Not for distinction, but duty, he lived, as he died. I know how the dead are eulogized, and what a eulogy I give; but out of the sincere thoughts of my heart I give it, — that those who knew him best, while they admired his talents, were never able to discover his faults.

Such is one of our sacrifices of life. A dawn predicting individual excellence through a long career, as plainly as the yet beardless Raphael's picture of the holy marriage was said to be prophetic of all his subsequent fame, has suddenly withdrawn its lustre from the earth. Is the sacrifice too great? I ask his kindred, is it too great? Would you have your boy back? Under the old

dispensation, when a sacrifice God would surely accept was to be made, a firstling of the flock, a lamb without spot or blemish, was singled out for the altar. A firstling of the flock, a lamb without spot or blemish, has been selected now. God himself, for this very purpose, as I think, of a measureless blessing to enliven the common heart, has chosen a victim from our beloved fold. No, we would not have him back. We would have him where he is! In the victim may we see the victory too. In the follower, as in the master, may the twofold lesson of triumph with sacrifice be seen. May the Divine wisdom, that loses life more certainly to save it, and gives up to gain all, shown so well in a new example, have imitation everywhere and continuance without end. Be humbly proud, be sacredly envious of the dead in the pattern displayed; for imitation and continuance it has! The enlistment, at the public need, of educated young men is not damped, but inspirited, from a companion's or kinsman's expiring breath. That breath passeth far through the whole air, into their nostrils! "I must go," said one of them to his father, — "I feel like a poltroon here at home." "Go with my blessing," was the father's reply. As the father himself told me this yesterday, he could talk no farther, for tears, but turned away. May the spectacle, so frequent among us, the most beautiful spectacle now beneath the sun, of boyhood tearing itself from mothers' embraces and fathers' arms, and happy homes, and loving dissuasives, to

consecrate itself to country's good, prefigure another spectacle, of a country purged of its errors and renewing *its* youth. May Heaven bless to our redemption every vicarious sacrifice, of the wounded and still exposed, as well as the dead ; — and so may all loss and self-surrender be sanctified in a perpetual resurrection, from the Most High, on earth and in heaven, of “the beauty of Israel,” slain upon *our* high places, till the blood of the martyrs, which is the seed of the Church, shall be also the life of the state. Standing, for us and ours, “as on life's utmost verge,” at the edge of whatever may come to mortals, so to the Eternal we pray ; — and may the Eternal to what even on earth is immortal in us too, answer our prayer ! Then we shall not have sacrificed on his altar in vain. All our sacrifices will redound alike to his glory, our country's welfare, and our own final gladness and peace. It is no sacrifice of truth, justice, freedom, or any human right, that we make. Only lower and cheaper things we sacrifice to these principles which are the attributes of God. Fixed be our faith that something, not of the dust and not laid low on the field, something which the funeral procession cannot marshal, nor the mighty state precede, nor the whole earth, whose mouth opens for the dead, swallow up, has escaped alive above the bonds we yet wear, into the region where is liberty, unity, peace, and light, with no need of the sun, for the Lord God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

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TRIBUTE

TO

MAJOR SIDNEY WILLARD,

DELIVERED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

DECEMBER 21, FOREFATHERS' DAY.

THE NATION'S HOUR:

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BY C. A. BARTOL.

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THE NATION'S HOUR.

"THE HOUR IS COME." — John xvii. 1.

WE have all some time felt like saying so. The smooth earth runs up roughly into mountains and down into gulfs, that produce the whole circulation of its life. So our human habit is broken with critical hours, on our behavior in which hangs the destiny of our being. The grave George Washington, in a particular battle, was exalted above himself by the interests at stake, and moved like the Archangel Michael in the scene. Such is everybody's experience. The man at the wheel, when the vessel winds through dangerous straits or grazes by sunken rocks on a lee shore, is more astir with the stimulus of hope and fear, touching his mind and whitening in his face, than in any ordinary navigation. An assault of temptation, when our character trembles in the scale; a trial at some bar of judgment, where our honor is involved; a wrench in our ties of love, causing mental agony; a paroxysm of disease, threatening an exchange of worlds, —

brings us to such a peculiar hour, by exciting, beyond the usual routine and monotony of existence, our faculties and affections to whatever effort or ecstasy they can reach. It is vain to say one moment is just like another, and of equal rate. So in itself it is, but not to us. The moment when you are betrothed or wedded, or a child, perhaps the first, is born to you, or a friend leaves you or dies, or victory crowns or defeat puts back the cause you hold dear, marks the almanac, pricks the circle of the sun, and is printed in your heart. Even Jesus, the wonderfully calm one, in the bosom of the Father, and in full vision of all that time or eternity could bring, had an hour on which all for him turned. It was an hour of agony. He foresaw it: far in the distance, like a cloud, it rose. He asks whether he should pray, "Save me from this hour." He answers, "But for this cause came I unto this hour." When, at last, it was at hand, he went down the valley betwixt Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, crossed the brook Kedron, entered the garden of Gethsemane, prayed "one hour" of bloody sweat in preparation for his cross, and, with its shadow falling on him darker than the overhanging night, declared the hour of his gloom to be the hour of his glory.

What is the hour to which *we* have come? It is the Nation's hour, and yours and mine only as we make it hers in the period of her trial, and decision of her fate. A nation's hour is not measured by one

revolution of the hand on a clock, or by an inch of shadow on the dial. It is a long hour that has arrived for this country. It has taken in two summers, and is in the second winter now. The hour, weighty to determine the future condition of our posterity and this hemisphere of the globe, has come, but has not gone: we are in the midst of it. Our conduct, like that of Jesus, has much to do in determining its character and import; and God is using our action, with that of our rulers, the citizens, leaders, soldiers, of the land, as elements in the great result to come. Let us offer all we are or have of thought or word, deed or sacrificial blood, that can be instrumental to a right issue for the common welfare.

But, as the worth of the hour depends on the position and prospects of those to whom it belongs, what is the nation here whose hour has come? Nations are of many kinds; the American nation unlike any other. No nation can we recognize as satisfying our idea, or fulfilling the providential design, but that whose seed our fathers planted. As the hour of Jesus was at midnight, so how theirs was at the very midnight of the year! What an hour for themselves and humanity, when they forsook the comfort, art, and refinement of an ancient home, at the call of God, making the little "Mayflower" another ark, to preserve, not animal life or earthly treasure, but the convictions of their breasts! What does this twenty-

first of December, this fresh anniversary of their landing, charge us, but to remember the civil and religious freedom, the Christian order and law, the equal rights of men, for whose assertion they came? It was one of the world's critical hours when that forlorn hundred of persecuted Puritans took their wintry voyage for some region in the Western wild, where their principles might not be dug up and destroyed by sharp tools of the tyranny of Church and State as soon as they were set out, but spiritual worship, and a pure reign of God on earth, rise, thrive, and flourish for human good.

Why do I say it is the nation contemplated by that little band, who, as one said, were sifted as wheat from three kingdoms, for the culture of a better race, which is now in question, and whose hour of doom or delivery has come? Because only from them did the new style of nation, distinguished from European aristocracy and despotism, to blossom in our Declaration of Independence, take root. Their eyes were not the only ones eagerly fixed on this balance of the planet toward the setting sun. Many besides them sailed across the sea — Dutch, Spaniards, Portuguese, French, English — on other errands, inspired with the longing for material riches and political sway; taking possession of large areas from Newfoundland to Cape Horn, with the putting-up of crosses and coats of arms, cutting of kings' names on trees, wav-

ing of banners and giving of titles ; seeking mostly the milder climes ; ravaging the interior with fire and sword against the aboriginal populations, or cruising in ships after each other in the Mexican Gulf or among the swarm of neighboring islands, to pick piratical quarrel, and rob each other of gold ; gain and empire the motives that sped a thousand keels and arrayed successive hosts in arms. The Pilgrims' mission was to sow the continent with liberty, justice, and obedience to God. They had no other intent. They objected not to the cold and ragged territory to which the winds and waves had borne them, if they could graft its growth with their holy persuasions of what was due to their Maker and mankind. They were willing to commit their handfuls of grain to sandy furrows, half released from snow and ice, for a scanty crop, foregoing all harvests of plenty and luxury, if a commonwealth of manly virtue and godly devotion could but spring in the desert of their refuge. They alone socially succeeded in rearing such a government on these shores. They themselves, in their life and death, were the sowing and the seed of truth, first and only broadcast in these vast latitudes. Though exceptional persons not of their company, like William Penn, proposed humane objects this side the water, the Pilgrims alone carried them out, and raised them up toward heaven in lasting spread and strength. Imperfect as, in the weakness of human nature, igno-

rance of the age, or necessities of civil fellowship, their toleration became, driven into savage warfare as they unavoidably were, they, and none else, vindicated the view of a nation for ends of divine glory and human safety above what had before been created or conceived ; and the Revolutionary struggle, which separated their descendants, with the associate Colonies, from the British Crown, befell by reason of their faith, heroism, and suffering, as fruit drops ripe from the bough.

Now, for the nation they projected and began to build, the hour has come ; the hour to decide whether it shall perish, give place to tribes of a meaner type, against that hope of our fathers, for which we, like Paul, stand and are judged this day, or whether it shall survive and be glorified. In the old fable, the life of the Greek hero hung on the alternative of his strangling the serpents sent to his cradle, or the serpents' strangling him. The infancy of this nation was beset by the monster whose venomous and wily strength has not yet been overcome. Four months before the colony began at Plymouth, a Dutch man-of-war entered that very James River, since so famous, with twenty negroes for sale. Nay, in the preceding century, on the track of the naval explorer, Hawkins, followed a series of adventurers straight from England to the Canaries, and thence to the coast of Africa, to hunt down the natives, fill their ships with cargoes of

wretched slaves, and force them on the West-India planters for whatever price they chose to give. The bondage of man to man has been a native production of some soils. The Occidental curse of slavery was not indigenous, but introduced first by cruelty from that very land which now chooses to forget its responsibility for the exotic it bore hither, and, with a horrid consistency to its early work, gives its sympathy still to slaveholding against liberty, in our struggle for life. Does it wish to have the serpent prevail, and the free manhood, that might threaten its own arbitrariness, poisoned and crushed? Has it a secret hope, that the bloody thorn, so deep in the side of this Republic, will not be plucked out, but torment us to our grave? Would it see us laid out in our shroud? Opposition in such a quarter shows us at least the dreadful strength of the evil with which we are summoned, in a death-hug, to close.

Quietly and justly of this matter may I speak, and will you hear? Human slavery is not the fault alone or peculiarly of this age or country, of the self-willed South or the compromising North. It is the sin of civilization. From Egypt and Greece, Judæa and Rome, to America, it has stretched. The Old World has been full of it. England and France have had their hands deep in it, and cannot lift their fingers into the light of history without showing ruddy stains, which all the waters of the sea cannot wash off. Russia grap-

ples with it now through her immense domain. What is the nature of the sin? It is treating our fellow-men as things, using them as our tools. Only they who never do this are clean. Are we, brethren and sisters, all of us, even those most loud for liberty and justice, quite clean of it ourselves? Alas! how we respect the *persons* of men more than their *personality*, the outward appearance and advantage beyond the soul, wealth rather than worth! Are we aware that this, too, is the sin of slavery? This sin comes to a head in that part of these United States where men, women, and children — little children blameless as those you bear and nurse — are bought and sold, and bred for the buyer and seller; the most holy bonds of relationship broken; so that, as a surgeon from this church in North Carolina lately told me, in his observation, chastity seemed hardly to exist or be known as a virtue toward or among the colored folk; — husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in ties like your own, — O sacred name of humanity! — parted as so many lots of merchandise, advertised in the newspapers as goods, put up at auction like wares in your commission-stores, sent south in gangs or coffles like so much avoirdupois load in a freight-car, and forced asunder at the owner's death for the necessary legal division of property, — a circumstance, the unavoidableness of which, a noble Virginian woman, who had emancipated her slaves, assured me, sufficed in her mind to condemn the

whole system ; — and worse, if worse can be, men delivering over to the barterer, for a consideration, what is part of their own flesh and blood. More than the bleak climate, more than the strange heretic, more than the savage with his glittering tomahawk, did the germination of a system, involving all these things, menace the governmental fabric which the Pilgrims proposed ; and it is on the claim imperiously made for its unlimited territorial extension and perpetuation, contrary alike to the heart of our fathers and the scheme of the framers of our Constitution, that the present conflict is waged.

Other accounts, I know, are given of the origin of the strife. One man says it was provoked, not by slavery or any of its pretensions, but purely by anti-slavery fanaticism ; a second says that he can count on his fingers the names of the politicians whose ambition brought it on ; and a third, that it arose with the formation of a sectional party at the North. Mr. Calhoun anticipated it with any disturbance of the exact equipoise of Slavery and Freedom, singular things as they are to weigh so nicely together. Many have fondly hoped, that, though vital opposites, these two could lie coiled up closely in one constitution for all time, and not fall out. Desperate efforts, terrible sacrifices, have been made to reconcile them ; nor will I brand the patience and labor expended to keep them from deadly grip as all so much iniquity and folly,

although finally proving so utterly vain. Heaven did not mean that they should be so united, and for ever agree. Heaven ordained their mutual claims to be resolved here, front to front. Does antislavery vex you? It was born of slavery; could not help existing more than any other effect,—offspring of a parent, oxygen of the air, or conscience of man. Explain as we will the symptoms or proximate cause of our trouble, it is no accident, but written in the book above, with a pen furnished to the divine hand by the institution itself, aiming at unbounded predominance, before the holding of the Charleston Convention or firing of the Sumter gun. Why that outbreak? *The hour had come!* The impossibility of postponing the issue—which should govern, Slavery or Freedom—opened this war; and, maintained for Freedom, God's war and man's war it is, to prevent the laying of Slavery for the corner-stone it is affirmed to be, but rotten timber it is, in the edifice of good government. To settle this question of foundations,—on the long, indecisive duel of argument, has followed the shock of arms.

“Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front of battle lower!”

The abolition of the slavery which is its cause is not its object, but will be its effect; else we have no sufficient recompense for its pangs. Its direct object is the existence and authority of the nation, whose hour

has verily come. For that, we have accepted the ordeal by battle to which we were forced. "It is expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not," said Caiaphas the high-priest concerning Jesus. He spake not of himself, but "prophesied," or spake from God, the evangelist adds. Is it not better that a hundred thousand men should die than that this nation should perish? My friends, I am not fond of blood! Word has repeatedly come to me, that I should not speak as I do on this subject if I had sons; but God, who enables me to speak as I think, forgive me, if the having sons would rob me of my sincerity! Has the gift of sons, or their expiring on the field, hindered some of you from speech as strong, and testimony, before and since their departure, more convincing, than I have ever used? Nay, some of your sons, who have so breathed their last on earth, have I not loved as my own? Are you bereaved of them? I am bereft; we are all bereft. What pillars, had their lives been spared, they would have been of this church! But this church, so domestic, this quiet family of ours, always shrinking from public notice, in the hand of providence, as they are torn away, is held up before the community, bleeding at every pore. Yet, if this nation shall be preserved in part by our contribution, liberty and union won and made perfect, neither you nor I, nor yet the church, will lament our offering, but feel with thanksgiving, that, precious as

were the victims the great crime has exacted, we have yet supplied the full price of blood. So other churches, of every name, sharing our sacrifices, will confess. All Christian denominations, mingling vital drops from the veins of their members, should be cemented in a faith and charity and patriotic zeal, from which differences of theological speculation should fall like the withs of Samson, sundered as a thread of tow when it toucheth the fire.

But while each household or assembly of prayer will commemorate its own dead, commending their spirits to God, you know the occasion for natural grief and spiritual transport in enrolling on the long list now of our heroes and martyrs another spotless name. Major SIDNEY WILLARD, acting Colonel of the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, commissioned first as captain of a company, which he raised in two days, instead of the eight allowed, so great was the confidence in him, — thus rising with a rarely rapid promotion, — was born in Lancaster, in this State, on Feb. 3, 1831; fitted for college at the Boston Latin Grammar School; graduated at Harvard in 1852; entered in due course upon the practice of the law in Boston; and in August last, — the next day after his marriage on the 21st, — at the simple dictate, in his own soul, of duty to his native land and mankind, from his happy home, from his professional business, from his dear and devoted wife,

from all the promises of his chosen career, he proceeded to the theatre of action, because, to use his own words, *the time for him had come*. For him to go at all, seemed, to all but himself, almost a superfluity of devotion, as, being an admirable tactician, he had already done ten times his part, in training eight hundred men, from Boston to Cambridge, Weston, Wrentham, Waltham, and Wayland; and instructed twenty officers for the camp and the field. But he said he could no longer look his men in the face here: so, with little taste, though great talent, for the actual campaign, loathing contention, drawn by nothing but a moral inspiration for the cause of liberty and right, he turned his back on comfort, bade his friends and beautiful prospects farewell, faced the fierce struggle of the day, uniformly, amid all military exposure and hardship, kept up to the highest standard of human behavior, with a sleepless, simple feeling of what he ought to do, till he fell, Dec. 13, in the attack on Fredericksburg, and expired the following day, after lingering about twenty-four hours, — his hour having indeed come; his hour to die; his hour to be translated and glorified; his hour, this body of death we still wear dropping from him, to have nothing but life remain. I am sorry with a personal grief to miss him. I am glad to speak of him, — him of whom all, who speak truly, must speak well. What shall I say? I will say, he was a good son, a good brother, — there

is one to say, a good husband too, brief as was that earthly tie, — a good soldier, a good Christian, a good man. I will say, he was without reproach of any obliquity or impurity from his childhood to his grave. I will say, he was born into the Church, nurtured in a religious faith, an honor and joy throughout his course, from the day of his birth, to his believing parents, to all his kindred, acquaintances, associates, and friends. I hold him up, without hesitation, as a model of completeness, to young men. Probably no man, in all the huge multitude that has gone forth, had a more harmoniously developed body and soul; yet he was, from the first, of a sensitive, shrinking nature, with a humble estimate of himself. His intellectual unfolding was slow, but lasting and strong. He achieved no remarkable distinction in college, and had few, if any, intimacies; but, through all his modesty, his spiritual qualities beamed, and were fully appreciated by his class. Though no cynic, he was free from the smallest tendency to dissipation, was disgusted at the very thought of it, and never once entered into a festive entertainment. When a Freshman, being in a company where some indecent language, too common among young men, was used, he denounced the utterance, rose, and left the room, though the room was actually his own! Yet, to those who had wandered, he was a lenient judge. Walking, as he always did, to Cambridge, — not riding to or fro in a single in-

stance, — on one occasion he came up with a student, who, having yielded to the cup, had fallen by the wayside, took him on his broad shoulders, and, notwithstanding all the rude and angry resistance of his blind burthen, carried him safely to the college-grounds. Of his exceeding kindness of heart, I, as doubtless many, from personal experience, were it proper here, could furnish details, showing how ready, from amid absorbing engagements, he was to give, gratuitously, important counsel, and spend hour after hour in others' service.

He was not only inwardly disposed, but made himself physically able, to do all manner of good. As early as his tenth year, he began to frequent the gymnasium for exercise, which he persevered to take in the open air; economizing his leisure to scour every road and path in the region, till he could walk fifty-five miles in a day; making, meantime, the keen observations, to which, by a peculiar love of nature, he was impelled. He was at home on the water as on the land, and published in the "Atlantic Monthly" an account of a "Night in a Wherry," — I know not whether more extraordinary for the fearless exposure it portrays, or his equal skill with the oar and the pen. His private letters are remarkable for a deep transparency of natural feeling, through which shine the solid principle and conscientious delicacy of exquisite color, by all his diversity of accomplishment only

adorned. Those letters bear abundant evidence, in pen-and-ink sketches of tents, military positions and evolutions, with other objects, of the faculty for drawing, which, too, he possessed and had cultivated. He was a lover of music; and, though his aptitude for it was not marked, he resolved to master the elements, and succeeded so that he could execute scientifically on the piano the choice tunes which alone he was willing to play. In college, he disliked the mathematics; but, after his graduation, his circumstances requiring him to keep school, he went to Charlestown, N.H., and, being put in charge of a set of bright pupils more accomplished in figures than himself, by study, early and late, he came to distance them, as their teacher kept steadily in advance, and ever afterwards showed a fondness for this department of knowledge, and a special ability for lucid description of machinery, and exposition of the laws of forces, in beautiful speech. In the ten years after his leaving the university, his information widened on all matters into a surprising variety, accuracy, and extent. He gained gradually, but never lost. In history, general literature, and the Greek language, he was an accomplished scholar; and seemed to inherit the taste of his grandfather, the honored President of Harvard University. Under his sober mien was hidden a wit too, a perception of the ludicrous and quiet humor, so unobtrusive and kept in the background, that few but those nearest him would suspect its existence.

His moral habits, however, were his charm and crown. He was inured to self-sacrifice. A Christian soldier, he bore the cross with the sword. In frame a giant, he was in gentleness a child. I was often struck with the mild voice from that ample chest, the sweet look in those powerful features, the soft planting of that vigorous step; and all who looked on him must have observed the nobility of expression that stood not in contrast, but correspondence with that lofty stature. His self-control was no natural gift, but a virtue resolutely acquired over a temper threatening at the outset to be impetuous and warm. Those who knew him best cannot recall a deviation from the strictest integrity, a failure from the highest generosity, or a taint on his entire sanctity. Into his complete manhood he confided, let me tell you, children, as a child in his parents; and his parents had occasion only to trust him. All domestic affection in him was most lively and strong. A cherished member, as he was, of this church, I call gratefully to mind the emphatic approbation, which, from his large soul, he gave to its open communion. He was an earnest antislavery man. Slavery was abhorrent to every sentiment of his nature; and his ashes would reprove me if I had not chosen to-day a theme consonant with his convictions. Has not he, whose body lay lifeless and cold yesterday at this altar, a right, out of his silence, to speak in my voice?

Such was the person whose life has just ended in the late rebel snare for our slaughter, not war, at Fredericksburg. At the southerly side of the town, on an extended plateau, at the end of which rose the side of a sloping hill, — on whose crest stood the first line of the rebel batteries, and their infantry in rifle-pits below, — he, marching on foot in front of the advancing regimental line, without badge of distinction, waved his sword, and called his men. “Come on, boys! remember South Mountain and Antietam!” in which battles, being on duty elsewhere, he had not been personally engaged. Half over the plain, a Minie-ball struck the steel vest he had on as a token from Col. Wild, — and would not have worn of his own accord, previously in a skirmish having carried it on his saddle, — became flattened, glanced off, and entered the groin. He fell on his face, soon turned slowly over, said, “My God, I am shot!” was taken at once, by friendly hands that would not leave him, to the rear, and thence to the hospital, where he died the 14th of December, the first day of the week, the day of the resurrection, of worship and prayer, soon after our last Sunday-morning gathering here was dispersed. Lieut.-Col. Pratt writes, “He died calm and easy, like a person going to sleep; and was sensible to the last. He was a brave, noble man, and a good commander; and his loss to the regiment, I fear, will never be filled. God grant that we may all be as well prepared

as he was to lay down his life for his country!" God grant, let us add, that a sacrifice so spotless and so great may be sanctified to that salvation of the country it was made for, and which will reconcile to it those dear to him; that we may be willing to pay the cost for which the Most High yet holds out his hand; that our hope and faith and courageous zeal may never fail, precious and unblemished as may be the selections from the flock demanded for the atonement of our sin, or however long our trial may last, before He, who suspends all human fortunes on the beam of his justice, and receives to heavenly recompense the souls of the faithful, shall decree our national redemption and release! His ordering will be right and sure. There is no chance bullet to him, and no pure error. Every drop of blood, even in what seems, humanly considered, such carnage to no end as that on the Rappahannock, though spilt as water on the ground, he shall gather up, and make precious, till the sum is full and our ransom is bought.

But we have obligations; and they are conditions, appointed terms, of our deliverance. From Him, that sat of old as a refiner to purify the sons of Levi, the hour to try this people, and each individual soul's loyalty to the whole, has come. I feel a solemn joy, that, as a body, we have not been wanting to the time. Many of you have paid tribute unspeakably dear. You have not kept back your own flesh and blood,

when it was part of the price of the land. With some, not of our number, the query has arisen, whether the youth of this society have not been plied with too much urgency, and spurred in over-hasty numbers, to the public service. But, express regret who will, as at an excess of our zeal, from you, who have made offerings to country, liberty, and God, I have heard no regret. You, who have laid your sons on a nobler altar than Abraham built, have not asked to take them back. You, for whom the knell has struck, whose children are dead, or have been wounded, or are still exposed, would not withdraw them. Your hour of agony has come: theirs, perhaps, has gone. But, in whatever pain or grief, you know that you not only give them: they go themselves to the shrine of patriotic work and religious faith that is reared for them by the Almighty Father on the earth to-day. What remains for us all, but to live up to the value of their blood, whether it still flow or have ebbed in anguish away, remembering God's faithfulness, remembering Christ's promise of triumph to those who should follow him in the regeneration for which he was sent, and remembering that now or never, far as mortal vision can reach, after long degeneracy to a pitch of political corruption, the regenerating hour for this nation has indeed come? As with Jesus, may it have come for us, not only to suffer, but be glorified!

N O T E.

As the author of the discourse has said one regretful word of the attack on Fredericksburg, he cannot refrain from expressing his admiration for the whole spirit and motive of the war, as conducted on the loyal side. The perseverance of this quiet, sober, and, save in healthy argument, uncontentious tribe of the Northernly and Westerly States, to handle the carnal weapons they are so unused to, which are more fit and warm in the hands of a relatively barbarous society, can be born of nothing but the righteousness of their cause. Only this can explain the wondrous spectacle of New England, New York, Ohio, Illinois, and the rest of the Free States, turned from an abode of husbandmen, herdsmen, shop-keepers, and sailors, into a blazing battery, manned ever anew with ranks of volunteers, — sometimes scholars, lawyers, merchants, ministers, farmers, — ready to take the place of the dead. We are not discouraged, and will not be. Never from a worthier people, for a better cause, did a nobler soldiery come; needing only the leading of political wisdom and military genius to accomplish any success, and build up the empire of Freedom for all time.

It is sometimes reproachfully said, that our defenders are less in earnest than the insurgents. Let me answer, that the earnestness is not on both sides the same, but different in kind. The earnestness of a party of travellers is not the same as that of the band of robbers by whom they are assailed. The earnestness of an *inspiration* does not resemble that of a *conspiracy*, but will

outlast and put it down. The earnestness of capital offenders against the Constitution and laws, who feel or fear their fortunes and heads are in danger of confiscation and the gibbet, and who have no alternative but rule or ruin, is not that of those who feel strong and superior in their position ; who are loath to strike back as they are malignantly smitten ; who fear to alienate those they would recover and reconcile ; who are weakened with tenderness for the neutral and wavering, and led by inclination to temper vengeance itself with the mercy which traitors avail themselves of freely, and are so little apt to return. Besides, let us not be unthankful to God, that an uncivilized, half-savage society does take to blows more readily, and is better at them at the outset, than those who have heretofore habitually aimed at distinction, not in duelling, street affrays, border disputes, and filibustering expeditions, but in learning and science, youthful education, gentle manners, industry of agriculture, trade, fisheries, factories, and the mechanic arts. These are the things to which our heart and strength have gone. Many incidents could be related, showing the gentle and peaceful temper in which we maintain the conflict. A noble Western mother writes to me, "My army-boy is of a tender heart, and shooting people goes hard with him. He has carried his knapsack eighteen months, and it has made *my* back lame." Yet, though it is the wrath of the lamb against the tiger, let us still remember the sentence of Revelation, that *the wrath of the Lamb* shall prevail, and the mighty call on the mountains and rocks to fall on them, and hide them from it. Therefore let no sentiments be possible to us in this contest but of good cheer and faith. Let us fear nothing but drifting away from the principles the Pilgrims brought, and for which they and their children bled. Let us live in vision and inspiration from a hope of what this Nation, in a fresh fidelity to them, may become. Let us labor and suffer together for her sake, knowing that we share a common fortune ; that the hour of one is the hour of all ; the interest of one, the interest of all ; the duty of one, the duty of all ; and the emancipation of each one, only in the emancipation of all.

It is not for the sake alone of our brother departed, whose memorial is pure, that we bear such abundant witness respecting him, and the cause for which he lived and died, but in the hope of a public benefit among his fellow-citizens and fellow-soldiers wherever our testimony may reach. The youth especially of our community may derive benefit from the contemplation of an example, itself formed on no lower aim than to unfold in entire integrity every power of body and soul. We learn from one of his companions at school and in college, — whose name would make his words everywhere of weight, — that Sidney's character was fashioned, from the first, on principles established by deliberate reflection ; and that he did not, like most young men, allow his views to be determined by accident or the pattern set by those around him. Instead of being himself as clay to be moulded by external influences, he adapted circumstances to his own lofty purpose, and made, of all things earthly, building materials for the structure, somewhere still standing, after his moral design. Of his extreme tenderness of conscience, a token is fresh in the writer's mind. Some conversation having arisen respecting slavery at the South, I said to him, "Yet social and legal justice is not done to the African, even at the North ;" the mournful motion of his head, in assenting to which, I can never forget. At every point, his truthful feeling bore the test. May such be the style of the rising generation in our land ! So God will be with us as with our fathers.

APPENDIX.

THE foregoing discourse — published at the request of a number of gentlemen of the West Church — gives an opportunity of adding some memoranda, furnished in substance by a friend, touching the brief military career of Major Willard before he entered the army; together with some extracts from his letters to different members of his family, showing his affectionate character, his spirit of enthusiasm, his patriotism and zeal, and his vein of quiet humor.

He possessed, perhaps to an unusual degree, the capacity of governing and influencing men. This became very manifest in the large number of men he disciplined for the war, — officers by the score, and privates many hundred. In particular may be named the "Washington Home Guard of Cambridge," — a corps of various ages, taken from the different walks of life, and including many his seniors, and several of the learned professions. This corps was formed partly for drill and discipline, and partly to infuse a martial spirit in the community, which would find its appropriate response whenever the country should call for their service in the field.

At first, he was known in person to a few only of the Guard; but his reputation as an accomplished instructor

had preceded him, and he was invited to take charge of the corps. He accepted the invitation. A cordial union and sympathy soon grew up between instructor and pupils, and widened and deepened day by day. He was soon chosen to the command, and continued with them until he left for the war.

His competence for the command was unquestioned; and the strict discipline which he exacted was submitted to with pleasure,—a free tribute of respect to the man and officer.

This was shown when they appeared in public, as at the dedication of a building for the Guard; an account of which was published at the time in the "Cambridge Chronicle." Several distinguished persons were present by invitation, and the hall was crowded with the ladies and gentlemen of Cambridge.

After a public parade of the Guard under the command of Major Willard, on returning to the hall, the President of the Guard* called upon him to respond in behalf of his command.

He spoke in a clear, earnest, and deliberate manner of the relations between the duties of the citizens and the soldiers; of the present condition of our country, and the wonderful manner in which our citizens had shown their aptness for all the duties and requirements of good soldiers; and expressed his confident belief, that, with such an army properly disciplined, victory and success to our arms were sure.

Of the meagre report of his remarks, the following is all that space admits of being copied: "He said it was sometimes difficult to determine where liberty should end, and

* Hon. Emory Washburn.

obedience commence. The rules which prevail among military men are those which the good sense of mankind has transmitted after ages of experience. Discipline can be enforced in such a manner as to be easy to all concerned, and to command the most cheerful obedience. There had been an effort in the French army to make each company able to support itself. Each had its baker and its cook, who were ready to act when circumstances required their services. But in no army in the world was there more ability to support itself than in the Sixth and Eighth Massachusetts Regiments; and this was shown in their passage through Baltimore. When sailors were wanted from the ranks of the volunteers, the county of Essex furnished them; and the counties of Worcester and Middlesex were not behind-hand: they were all able to take care of themselves. What the soldiers of Massachusetts wanted was discipline; and, with it, he thought no soldiers in the world excel them with their ready and cheerful obedience.

“In our State, there were a hundred and fifty-seven thousand men liable to military duty. With twenty-five thousand of these men properly disciplined, instead of stopping at Washington at the opening of the Rebellion, they would have marched directly to Richmond.”

This was in May, 1861; and the united testimony of every competent general in our army since that time has fully justified the view here expressed.

On the evening of Aug. 19, just before his departure for the seat of war, the Home Guard, desiring to manifest their personal respect for their late commander and associate by some sensible token, took the opportunity of the last evening when he could be present at their drill, in presence of the Guard and many invited friends, to present him a beau-

tiful military sash and a handsome silver pitcher, upon the latter of which was the following inscription; viz.:—

THE
WASHINGTON HOME GUARD
TO
CAPT. SIDNEY WILLARD,
CAMBRIDGE,
Aug. 19, 1862.

The presentation was made in a very touching manner by the President of the Guard, and in terms expressive of the warm affection and respect they entertained for him. Capt. Willard was sensibly moved by this very hearty and unexpected manifestation. He responded gracefully and with much feeling. It is now a subject of regret, that his remarks were not preserved.

His commission as captain in the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers bears date Aug. 13 last. He left for the seat of war on Friday, Aug. 22; the regiment numbering a thousand and twenty-five strong, and composed largely of the stalworth yeomanry of Essex, Middlesex, and Norfolk,—a thoroughly Massachusetts regiment. On the 27th of August, he was promoted to a majority.

Extracts from Major Willard's Letters,

AUG. 25 — DEC. 12.

Aug. 25, 1862, near Washington. — “We camped in the open field all night. . . . It is just like camping out in the middle of Brighton Road when it is hottest and dustiest. I am well and jolly, except when I think of you all; and then the thought that I am trying to do my duty is consolation ample. . . . Most truly your loving son.”

Aug. 28, Arlington Heights. — “Our men are just getting a notion of loading and firing. We have had rumors of the defeat of Pope, Sigel, &c., but nothing authentic. We can tell literally nothing here about the movements of the armies. Regiments come and go: their tents whiten the hillside one day, and are gone the next. . . . I hope that the Thirty-fifth will soon prove itself an excellent regiment.”

Sept. 2, Arlington Heights. — “I shall ever love you as I have done, not in very demonstrative mode perchance, but yet better than you think; and, while I live, you know that you have some one to depend on, to help and assist you. I hope, God willing, after this accursed Rebellion is put down, to return to old Massachusetts; and, a better and more energetic man, to make my way, so that I can aid in other ways than mere words.”

Sept. 3, Arlington Heights. — “Your letter and S.’s came safely; and I enjoyed them most exceedingly. They brought a taste of home to me that was delicious amid all this noise, bustle, dirt, and fierce energy. . . . — needs some one to help her; and of whom can I ask sympathy, in such case, but you, dear —, who have helped me and assisted me in every way? I have had the appointment of Major to the regiment. . . . Pray, who, if any one, made representations to the Governor? If you know, please let me know. The promotion is rapid enough to satisfy the most exacting; and I shall try to fill the post thoroughly, and hope to, all but the blessed horse. My kingdom if there wasn’t a horse!” *

Sept. 4, Arlington Heights. — . . . “We are still in camp; and are likely to remain, as far as I can judge, in the same place. This is our third remove, near Hunter’s Chapel, on the great road from the end of Long Bridge to Fairfax Court House, about two miles from the bridge. . . . We are in full view of Fort Craig, some little distance to the north of us, with many regiments near us, and the whole of Pope’s army distributed along our front. We have heard firing, and have sent out pickets, dug rifle-pits, and stood guard and drilled, but have as yet not encountered any

* Reasonably enough, perhaps; for, in all his life, he had never mounted a horse but twice,—once only riding a few rods, when a schoolboy; and a second time taking a short ride when in college.

enemy ; and, to judge from the snoring of the officer in the next tent, he, for one, hath not the fear of Johnny Rebel before his soul."

Sept. 9, Brookville, Md., twenty miles north-west of Washington. — "We have left at Arlington Heights all our baggage and tents, and have been turning in in the open air."

Sept. 13, Washington. — . . . "We broke camp at Arlington Heights last Saturday night. . . . Every thing left at Arlington Heights, only what we could carry on our backs, besides the sixty rounds of ball-cartridges. Tuesday night, we were at a little town called Brookville, about ten miles north of Rockville ; and have been brigaded with the Twenty-first Massachusetts and two other regiments, with Col. Ferraro, a Pennsylvania man, acting brigadier, in Sturgis's division, Reno's corps, and Burnside's army. . . . On Wednesday morning, the colonel ordered me to take one of our wagons which was broken, go to Washington, get it mended ; go to Arlington Heights, break up our camp there ; turn back to United-States Q. M. Thomas the two hundred and fifty tents ; collect the thousand knapsacks and the officers' trunks, find a place of storage in Washington ; send thirty or forty sick men, who were left in camp, to Alexandria ; collect the guns, get all the equipments, belonging to the regiment ; and bring back to the regiment upwards of seventy well men, with a wagon-load of hospital-stores, baggage, &c. ; and find the regiment, which, I suppose, will have moved forty miles at least from Brookville before I rejoin it. Besides this, I have to finish my being sworn in ; to procure a horse ; to fill about three hundred small commissions, which the officers, learning that I was going to camp and should have control of the baggage, intrusted me with ; see to the mail ; and, in short, clean up all that had been left loose. So I set out from Brookville, Wednesday, at three, P.M., and walked and rode into Washington ; where I arrived at nine, P.M.

"Your letters all came in a bunch ; and I had a splendid time reading them."

He describes, at some length, the difficulties and delays in doing business at Washington. He succeeded at last in accomplishing the business of the regiment, purchasing a horse and a major's equipments, and set out for camp ; bidding adieu to some near and hospitable relatives, who had given him the most cordial reception.

Sept. 18, Washington. — . . . “I sent the detachment off Tuesday evening to rejoin the regiment, and must follow just as soon as I can. I have received all letters and parcels so far, and am most exceedingly obliged to all dear ones at home for them. . . . My regiment is perhaps seventy miles distant, — a long way in this *bebothered* State. The great thing which I regret in staying here in Washington on regiment business is, that my regiment may have been engaged in the fighting, and I not there, — a source of great trouble and regret to me. I shall go to them just as soon as I can.”

Sept. 19, Friday evening, Washington. — “I shall start at nine, to-morrow morning, on my new steed, for my regiment. I have a heavy load of letters, blankets, &c. ; so that I shall hardly reach Frederick before Sunday night. I shall travel the broad road through Rockville, and right on to Frederick ; then hunt up my regiment, whose whereabouts I don’t know.

“I shall be very glad to get out of Washington, as the air is very oppressive ; and I feel as if I was made of lead, — no life, no strength. I have been working very hard in packing the baggage of the regiment and executing my orders.

“There are many sad rumors and stories about friends in the late battle, or series of battles ;* but I believe nothing till it is authenticated beyond all manner of doubt. Our colonel is wounded ; and I saw that Company I had had several wounded. I shall soon know what damage was done. Meanwhile, dear —, keep up a good heart. I think things are beginning to turn for the better, and that we have beaten the strength of the Rebellion, and now bid fair to break its strength before long.”

Sept. 19, Washington, Friday evening. — . . . “It has been a cause of deep regret to me, that I was not present with my regiment in any of these recent battles. I had fully counted on being with them when they first faced the enemy ; and would have cheerfully foregone completing my mustering-in as Major, could I have been present when they came under fire. . . . There are sad reports here of the killed and wounded. . . . Col. Wild is badly wounded in the left arm, and some familiar names of Company I† appear in the list as wounded. I hope to be with the regiment most earnestly before forty-eight hours shall elapse.”

* South Mountain and Antietam.

† His own company.

Sept. 21, Sunday night, Frederick, Md. — “Here I am in Frederick, after two days of unequalled tribulation, and wear and tear of the flesh. I have actually ridden from Washington here, forty-two miles, since eleven, A.M., Saturday. . . . I rode at a very dignified pace out of Georgetown and towards Rockville. . . . I did not venture on a trot. I expected to bounce off as soon as the beast tried that gait; and luckily there was a hill to climb for the first mile, and my luggage (nearly a hundred pounds), besides my own weight: so that he, though strong and spunky, did not attempt any thing more than a walk. When I got some distance away, I touched him with the spur, and impressed on his imagination that I wanted him to trot; which he did. It is an awful pace, not for speed, but for the amount of bounce thereby extracted from the agonized human frame. I bore it as long as I could, then reduced him to a walk again; and so we went, alternately from walk to trot, from trot to walk, till I had bumped through twenty-two miles, to a little cluster of houses called Gettysburg, where I stopped last night.

. . . “I left there this morning, and have ridden for twenty-two miles through scenery which would delight mother’s heart. The Blue Ridge looms up magnificently; and to-morrow I must cross it, and pass two of those battle-fields which have rendered the last week famous, and which I have just missed. Col. Wild, by newspaper report, is badly wounded in the left arm; and, I suppose, Lieut.-Col. Carruth is in command. I shall start for Sharpsburg (twenty-two miles distant) to-morrow morning, and rejoin my regiment.

“I came into Frederick as the afternoon bells were ringing for church; and, for the moment, Weston and Boston came back to me; and I wished I could have been in old Massachusetts to enjoy a New-England sabbath.

“I am safe and well, though much bumped. I had far rather and easier walked it.”

Sept. 22, Boonesborough, Md., Monday night. — . . . “I have to-day, while on my way from Frederick hither (sixteen miles), learned the fate of my regiment. We have lost, in two battles, nearly every commissioned officer, killed or wounded. The colonel’s left arm is gone at the shoulder, and the lieutenant-colonel is shot through the neck. Capt. Bartlett is killed, and Capts. Andrews and Lathrop are the only ones fit for duty in the regi-

ment. I believe my men (I shall, till the lieutenant-colonel recovers, be in command of the regiment) are not more than ten miles distant ; and I hope to reach them to-morrow.

“ But you can tell how sad a thing this loss of officers and men (fifty-two killed, two hundred and five wounded) is ; one quarter-part of the regiment gone, taking out the sick, and necessary attendants. The thousand that marched up State Street, little more than four weeks since, now number hardly more than six hundred ; and I almost dread seeing the diminished ranks.

“ The range of mountains which we stormed is huge ; and the gorge through which I have been riding to-day, if its flanks were protected, could be held against any force. The national road runs through this pass in the mountains, and I have been travelling upon it all day.

“ The battle on Sunday, Sept. 14, was the most desperate one of the war. Over a hundred thousand men were on each side, with a line of battle nearly seven miles long, parallel with the ridge ; which finally we stormed, and beat the Confederates back.

“ My horse has carried me well. This is the third day, and I am sixty-two miles from Washington.”

Sept. 23, Tuesday morning. — . . . “ I have seen a number of wounded officers, my friends ; and they all say that the regiment behaved nobly, stood their ground, and fired like men ; though, of course, they could not manœuvre, having had no opportunity to drill. I stopped where Col. Wild was staying in Middletown, the other side of the mountains, eight miles back. He is getting on slowly ; but surely, I hope. He was cheery and thoughtful, and kind-hearted as ever. He insisted on my taking his armor-vest ; and Mrs. Wild fitted it for my use. I bade him good-by, and set out about four, P.M., for this place, and crossed the Sunday’s battle mountain. The scenery was grand. Mother would delight in its beauty, and in the glimpses of distant prospect the openings of the gorges give.

“ All the way along, I passed regiments marching toward the front, and trains of empty wagons returning ; and reached this place about half-past six.

“ I hear that a Major Wright has been placed temporarily in command. I suppose, when I return, that I shall take his place at once. I shall do my best, and, when we go into battle, try to do my duty.”

Sept. 26, Friday, three and a half miles from Sharpsburg. —
 . . . “I am well, and in command of the regiment; which numbers about five hundred men.

. . . “I am not astonished to-day that my horse has broken down, and went limping along, as I expected would be the case, at the head of the regiment, — a sight for gods and men to snicker at. Infamous beast!”

Sept. 27, Saturday night, three miles from Sharpsburg, near the mouth of Antietam Creek, Md. — . . . “On the edge of a ploughed field, the whole brigade close up in mass. We have no good place to drill. I go through with dress-parades, &c., with exceeding solemnity; but the care and bother is no slight thing. I have to do the best I can; and the questions asked are very numerous, and sometimes perplexing.

“The men are suffering severely from want of tents, and loss of baggage; and the very cold nights and heavy fogs, lasting till nine in the morning, are increasing our sick-list.”

Sunday, half-past eleven, A.M. — “But I think we shall begin to improve now, both in health and spirits, as the shock of the last battle wears off, and the salutary rules of discipline and cleanliness are enforced.

“I am in Ferraro’s brigade, Sturgis’s division, Coxe’s corps, and Burnside’s army. . . . I am working with all my might on the regiment; and hope, in the course of the week, to get things agoing systematically. You can hardly conceive what uphill work it is. There are but three captains in the regiment, and every thing has to be organized. Morning reports, accounts of the sick and wounded; bothers innumerable about forage, commissary stores, subsistence, &c.; servants’ attendance, regiments’ wash-sinks, guards, funds, sutlers, discipline, drill, details for different duties, postage, losses in battle, and every thing else conceivable.

“I did not think, when I left Boston and walked over to Lynnfield, that I should be in command of the remnant of the regiment in less than five weeks. . . . It is hard work going on short-handed, as we are now, both in officers and men. We were hurried away from Washington, and took no baggage with us. Officers and men are suffering for want of clothing. I have the only tent in the regiment; and it is a small A tent, seven by five, and tapering so rapidly as to materially reduce the space. A truss

of wheat-straw on one side of the tent is my bed ; ditto, on the other side, belonging to the adjutant. A four-legged pine table (set back against the tent-pole), a desk, one camp-stool, and my saddle, constitute all the furniture."

Sept. 28, same camp, Sunday night. — . . . "I am beginning to arrange matters in the regiment ; and I can assure you all, the task is no light one. . . . The horse is quite lame. I *should* have been disappointed, hadn't he done something of the kind. He is coughing and sneezing and tramping round and munching hay behind the tent at this moment. He eats most at night, — late suppers ; and then stands, looking dyspeptic and used up all day, not touching any thing. Didn't I tell you of Col. Wild's kind thoughtfulness, in the midst and despite of his pain and misery at Middletown, as I stopped to see him on my way to the regiment ? — how he insisted, when he, by chance, learned that I did not own or wear a steel vest, on my taking his ; and, as he sat in his chair, gave directions to Mrs. Wild and myself, with the sorrowful motioning of that single arm, how we should arrange the steel-plate in the vest, — the one which he wore when he was wounded at South Mountain, Sunday. . . . I am well and lively as I can be out of old Massachusetts ; which, I am becoming more and more convinced every day, is the only decent place, climate, soil, air, water, &c., &c., to live in, in the Union. . . .

"You can have no notion of the dirt of the regiment. I passed a ukase this morning, which compelled a general scrubbing of clothes and persons. They had some excuse, as there is but one suit of clothes to each man ; and, when he washes his shirt, he has to go without till it dries. Ditto the beloved commander !"

Oct. 2, near the mouth of the Antietam. — . . . "I have a compliment from Charles G. Loring, who is lieutenant-colonel and inspector-general on Burnside's staff. He said the camp of my regiment was far the neatest in the brigade. . . . I have seen and been introduced to Burnside. . . . I have intense satisfaction in my position as commander, for two reasons, — it enables me to enforce cleanliness and prohibit swearing ; which last I have checked to a considerable extent, — to a degree which I never thought I should be able to.

"We are in camp, guarding the entrance to Maryland. . . . How soon we move, or how soon we fight, I do not know."

He states that the regiment was for Pleasant Valley, six miles

from Antietam, by the river and railroad, near Harper's Ferry, between South-Mountain range and a little spur north-west of South Mountain.

Oct. 3, Antietam. — "I have had a somewhat exciting day of it. Last night, as I was writing, about one, A.M., the General's orderly poked his nose into my tent, and delivered me an order to the effect that the President, Gens. McClellan, Burnside, &c., would review the corps to-day at eight, A.M. As soon as the tent-flaps closed, and the sound of the retreating footsteps died away in the distance on their road to the Fifty-first New York, I grasped 'Army Regulations,' and refreshed my ideas on that important subject. I crammed the whole thing, — opening ranks, colors waving, swords poising, bands playing, &c., &c., — and then crawled upon my pallet of straw, and went to the land of Nod directly. That awful *réveille* started me into full life and vigor at half-past five; and minus breakfast, at half-past seven, with battalion formed, but horseless, I marched my six hundred on after the other regiments. We marched by the right flank into the field, and came on the right by files into line; and then ordered arms, and waited for the other brigades to take their places. We kept our place till about ten; when a salute from the guns announced the President and staff. They rode rapidly by, the President bareheaded, Burnside on his right, McClellan immediately behind, and a large *cortège* of horsemen following in front of and behind each line. As I stood eight paces in front of my regiment, the President passed within half a dozen feet of me; but all the study of the elaborate review, the passing before the reviewing-officer, the saluting, &c., &c., was entirely omitted. We stood like statues; I with my long sabre sticking up above my shoulder, and my men at shoulder arms, unmoved, while President, generals &c., &c., passed. We then closed ranks, and marched from the field."

Oct. 12, Pleasant Valley. — He writes that the Lieut.-Col. had returned, and relieved him from the command of the regiment, to his great joy; so that the Major (Col. Wild still being absent) became again acting Lieut.-Col. Of the march he writes: —

"On Tuesday (Oct. 7), we broke camp at day-dawn, and soon after started towards Pleasant Valley, — a most beautiful *intervale* between two ridges of high hills. We marched south-east, and

through by-roads and mountain-paths, across the gap in Elk Mountain. The climb was a great one, and the view exceedingly beautiful. My horse was full of life and spirits, and evinced his light-heartedness by his light-heeledness ; and kicked the adjutant's horse, to the adjutant's intense wrath. I got along very well, except that he (the horse) required the whole road to himself. . . . C. W. Loring and Patrick Jackson called ; and I went over to see them at Burnside's head-quarters, which are about a mile distant, on the steep side of South Mountain, commanding a most superb view of the whole valley, and Loudon Heights, which overlook Harper's Ferry, and upon which they are cutting and burning off the woods to clear the way for the guns of the new defences."

The inevitable horse still troubles him. "I wish," he says, "Uncle Sam would allow his majors to walk. The horse has passed the largest part of his valuable existence, since I became his unwilling owner, tied to a stake back of my tent, where I can distinctly hear every sneeze and cough, every motion, of the quadruped. . . . Nature never intended me for a horseman. I hate the beasts. . . . For five weeks, our men 'have fought, marched, dug, slept, ate, and camped out in the same clothes,' having but one suit." He describes his great relief since the return of the Lieut.-Col. He is willing to bear his own share, and more ; "but it is hard to do three men's work, and get blown up for six," and "to tread with the greatest caution, lest you come upon the military, gouty toes of some precise old tactician, who roars in wrath at the slightest error in your course of proceeding. . . . If I live to come back, it won't be for want of all sorts of training that I am not evenly developed, body and mind."

Pleasant Valley, Sunday, Oct. 19. — During the previous week, he had been quite ill, and was so up to the end of the month, barely escaping a *severe* fever ; for fever he had, being entirely unfit for duty. Perhaps it was his iron constitution, which, under God, saved him in his peril. While lying in his tent, very ill, "I could clearly hear," he says, "all the signals and calls, and all the music ; in fact, all that, in the way of instrumental sounds, Uncle Samuel or private regimental pride had furnished to full thirty thousand men. I like music in moderation ; but fancy the awful racket of half a dozen different bands, each playing in utter indifference to the other ! — some psalm-tunes, some polkas ; some one

thing, some another ; then throw in the calls of full two hundred bugles, tooted in every conceivable style, and an accompaniment of bass-drums ambitiously banging, unable to keep up, but sticking to it heroically. Such are the sounds of Pleasant Valley." The shelter-tents are described by him: a rather severe joke, by the way, to call them shelter-tents ; being *open* at both ends. It was very cold in Pleasant Valley. The mist fills it "level with the tops of the skirting ridges, and buries our camp six hundred feet deep in fog ; and it takes the sun usually till noon to poke us out." The comfortable weather was passing away. "The men shiver, and appear blanketed and great-coated both at *réveille* and roll-call. No wonder. Almost every one would shiver to be compelled at half-past five, A.M., this season, to turn out upon the sidewalk, with ninety-seven other fellow-shiverers, and answer to his own name."

Oct. 22, Wednesday morning.—The Major had visited his dear friend, the surgeon of the Twelfth. He crossed the mountain, "and went through Sharpsburg, where the battle was. The houses and churches are scarred with shot and shell. . . . I dismounted, and walked into his quarters with him ; and comfortable enough he was. He had a fireplace in one corner of the tent, with a bright fire in it, looking most homelike, made by digging a trench from one corner of the tent, covering it with flat stones (which make the flue), and putting two barrels on the end of it as a chimney ; . . . making a very comfortable fireplace. I intend making one at once in my tent ; for the weather now is very cold at night, and the days are very windy, blowing a gale, covering every thing with dust, and half taking the tent bodily off. . . . M. and I both agree that a soldier's life and campaigning are *beastly* ; and *they are* ! The officers suffer for food much more than the men. The latter have their regular rations ; but the officers are obliged to forage as best they may."

Oct. 31, near Wheatland, Va., on road to Leesburg, about twelve miles south of the Potomac, he writes :—

"The regiment left Pleasant Valley, Monday (Oct. 27), and marched to near Wheatland, — a blustering, cold, windy day." He suffered much from the want of thick under-clothing, his trunk having been rifled between Washington and his camp ; and, having to sleep all night on the ground, he was still in danger of the fever. The Lieut.-Col. was taken down with cold and fever,

and was left behind (Oct. 27) ; and the Major was again in command. The regiment crossed the Potomac at Berlin, waded under the culvert of the canal in the water, and encamped in a field. He had to sleep all of the night of Monday on the ground, in the open air ; his blankets being on the wagon, and not coming up till the next day. He supped on hard bread and a piece of cheese one unprotected night. He shivered through the night, was sick, and was the next day on his back till his tent arrived. Oct. 29, marched southerly about five miles, and camped out in an open field. Oct. 30. — Ordered to march, at sunrise, five miles, to Wheatland, — “the loveliest spot I have been in since I came out. Tents in the midst of a grove, on a little ridge, above a brook which skirts the base: the trees protect us from the wind.” There the encampment was a protected one. He was fortunate in getting some supplies ; and, the Lieut.-Col. having come up, he felt much relieved. “We are making a short campaign ; and may see some fighting before the rainy season sets in, now about three weeks. There is a talk of our going to Newbern with Burnside ; but every thing is utterly uncertain.”

Same, Nov. 1. — He is writing on the ground, and then on a stump. On the 10th November, near Jefferson, he finishes the letter. “We have been marching incessantly since the first date ; had snow-storms ; slept tentless about the whole time ; had salt pork, raw ; hard bread, and coffee sugarless, where we could get it, and thankful for it. Oh ! it’s jolly campaigning in the winter ; turning into a potato-field, in a driving snow-storm, to sleep. . . . I think that we shall see a fight soon. The rebels are close to us ; and, while I write, the cannonading is incessant. I shall try to do my duty like a man, when the time comes. I hope that J. will not be drawn, or think of volunteering ; at least, at present. Nothing but the strictest sense of duty should induce a man to forego all the blessings of home. I appreciate them now as I never did before ; and I hope to show that appreciation, if I live to see all the dear ones at home once again.”

Nov. 10, Jefferson, Va. — “Since leaving Pleasant Valley, we have been constantly marching, except the three days we staid near Wheatland. The weather has, in the main, been pleasant ; but we have had two snow-storms, keen and cold, as if direct from old Massachusetts, in one of which we were marched till nearly eleven, P.M., on a wrong road, very aptly described by one of the

men: 'It looked as if it had been gouged out by lightning.' In addition to the miseries of that 'triste noche,' after marching five miles in this blinding storm, and in these roads, which are mere ditches in the face of the country, used as beds for brooks, with rivulets crossing them, leaving puddles of water forty or fifty feet wide and two or three feet deep, we found that the Rappahannock and a broken bridge barred our progress. We started about four, P.M.; and were stopped at about six, in the woods, as aforesaid. There was nothing to be done but to about-face three thousand men, and march 'em back again. So we tramped back through the puddles, swamp, and brooks, till about half way back to our old camp-ground; where, for some reason, they halted us three-quarters of an hour, right in the teeth of this nor'wester and driving snow. I sat on my horse till I was nearly frozen. We then marched about two miles farther; and at eleven, P.M., halted opposite a patch of woods, and were told to camp. At once the men rushed among the trees with shouts; rails were brought, saplings cut down, and roaring fires built. Field and staff—to wit, the Lieut.-Col., Major, Adjutant, doctors, &c.—had a large fire kindled, and some pieces of shelter-tents put up to keep the wind off; scraped the snow-covered leaves away, and spread blankets; and, thankful for the warmth, went supperless to bed. That was the hardest day we have had: but I can assure you, that for two weeks, with an occasional interlude, our bed has been the nearest field; our coverlet, the starry or cloudy heavens; our food, salt pork, mostly raw, when we could get it; hard tack, and coffee sugarless. I can eat raw salt pork with any Christian in the land; and, when I am lucky enough to secure it, I carry a pound or so in my haversack with the hard bread: but, alas! I can't get a fibre now."

White Sulphur Springs, Nov. 13, Thursday. — "Last Tuesday, at one, A.M., we found ourselves in advance of the whole army; and so far forward, that a retrograde of three or four miles was determined on. . . . Our position here is a strong one. We made a night-march from Jefferson, and expected to hear a row in our rear: but nothing disturbed the quiet of our march; and, about daybreak, we reached this place. . . I am well, save a cold; and as jolly as I can be in a mode of life which brings a man down to caring mostly for a good meal and a comfortable night's sleep. Of course, I do not put out of sight the heroism and bravery ex-

hibited, and the patriotism; but the daily recurring thought is, How shall I get enough to eat? and, I hope we shall have a good camp-ground to-night."

Nov. 13, White Sulphur Springs. — "The climate is as cold here as in Massachusetts in November; . . . making your bed at dark in a field; heaping up a fence-rail fire; . . . then gathering leaves, putting your rubber blanket on them, and wrapping the woollen blanket about you, to wake in the morning with the frost-rime on the end of your nose, the fire burnt out to white ashes and black cinders; fire rekindled, breakfast a facsimile of the supper, and then the order to pack up and march; face washed by pouring a canteen of water on your hands, and fall into place; and off we go for another day's march, with the prospect of a fight at any instant; the heavy thud of cannon in the distance.

. . . "I have passed the last two Sundays, not quietly walking down Hancock Street to church; nor listening for that second bell, the time for which my intellect never could grasp or retain. On Tuesday, Nov. 11, we were the foremost of all, and a little too much so for propriety. Our pickets had a fight within a mile and a half of our lines; and the enemy were in force at Culpepper, barely ten miles off." It was rumored that the brigade got out to Jefferson without Burnside's being aware of it, and in pretty close proximity to the enemy; and, being discovered by a party sent to reconnoitre, were ordered back to a safe place.

. . . "Letters from home, telling of home-matters, are indescribably welcome, and are the only real pleasure I have. You all are ever with me in my thoughts."

Nov. 13. — He was again (and the third time) in command of the regiment, much against his will; "the Lieut.-Col., together with the adjutant, having been taken prisoner while eating dinner across the river at White Sulphur Springs." After leaving camp on Aug. 22, he was in command about half the time; and now he remained in command till he fell.

Nov. 15, Saturday, he was, for the first time, under fire; and says, Nov. 16, "I don't think I either showed or felt the least fear. The rebels shelled us; and I had to march my regiment back under the fire of our battery over our heads, and of the rebels from a hill opposite, directly into us. A fragment of shell (so the men said; I thought it was dirt) struck the road, and bounced right over my cap, about two feet above my head; and shot and

shell struck and whizzed about in all directions. The lieutenant of the battery was killed, and an artillery-man had his arm torn to pieces, besides wounded men in other regiments than ours. We had one man badly wounded in the leg. I was reading your letter during the shelling, while my regiment was lying under cover, and when that bit of dirt or iron, I don't know which, bounced over my head. . . . Home-matters are what I care for in home-letters: they are indescribably pleasant. The beast is well and *rampageous*. I hate him."

Nov. 17, near Warrenton Junction. — "I don't at all like to be compelled to do duty which I did not agree to; and this duty was put on me with this warning: 'The Colonel wishes you to take command of the camp, as he will be absent for about two hours.' . . . I occupied the house (where the Lieut.-Col. was taken) all Thursday night; bitter cold; frost; no fires allowed, for fear of an attack. I walked about all night; went the whole round of the pickets, and line of skirmishers; and then to the regiment, which was lying in the fields, . . . under the cold light of the moon, the frost whitening their blankets.

"I hate old Rampageous as much as ever. He is a snorting, prancing, kicking, biting, uneasy nuisance, . . . and pulls up all the stakes driven to tie him to: he pulls up all, except large trees which have been growing for years."

Nov. 19, Opposite Fredericksburg. — "After sleeping in the open air about two weeks, we have made a short return to a semi-civilized life; that is, we dwell in tents. These are shelter-tents, so called in delightful sarcastic phrase; reminding you of a dog-kennel. Into that you creep on all-fours, and lie with both ends sticking out, in case you are, as I am, six feet one.

"I am perfectly hardened, and used to waking up at midnight to hear the grim voice of the General's orderly. . . . Let me give you a picture, if possible, of our waking and march this morning. We (that is, Walcott and myself) were sitting before my headquarters' fire, when the orderly came and said, 'Start at six, Major. Regiment will fall in punctually; as you lead to-day, General says.' So off I posted to my tent. . . . I took my sleep (what I could get) on a bundle of hay in my tent, and was duly aroused by the *réveille* at four. I packed my blankets; saw to the proper saddling of old Rampageous, got him plenty of corn, and had my tents struck in the midst of dire confusion. Our baggage-

wagons were driving round in very lively style ; the six mules to each other frequently and loudly expressing, in their sweet, musical way, their delight at waking and working so early in the morning. The mist was thicker than ever, and no sign yet of the dull, gray dawn. The men were drying tents by the different camp-fires, cooking their breakfasts, fixing their knapsacks, and getting ready generally. The mist and smoke, the calls and shouts of three thousand men, the noise of our awful brigade-band (which had waked up also), made a row which is hard to describe. I ate my breakfast standing, — plateless, knifeless, forkless, and spoonless ; keeping guard over old Rampageous, with a tin dipper of coffee in one hand, and a sandwich of hard tack and beefsteak in the other, to prevent one especially lively wagon and its six mules from cultivating an improperly close acquaintance with him, which would result in bites, kicks, and squeals, to the great detriment of my saddle and blankets.

“ The wagon finally was loaded, and drove off. I finished my breakfast. Still so dark, wet, and foggy, that I could not see half the length of the regiment. I mounted old Rampageous, and gave my adjutant and sergeant-major orders to form the regiment at once ; and as I sat on my horse, in front of the line, the sight was a picturesque one, — the long, dark line of men slowly forming, and becoming visible by the flickering blaze of the forest, in front of which they stood ; the glitter of the guns as they shone for an instant ; the quiet, sharp orders of the officers, followed by the prompt movement of the dark and compact masses ; and, add to all, the faint, wet light of morning had begun to creep up on the edge of the horizon. I gave the ‘ Attention, battalion ! shoulder arms ! right face ! forward, march ! ’ and we were off this time, to halt just short of Fredericksburg, on the western, or rather northern, side of the river, . . . table-land, . . . and overlooking the city at a distance of two miles. . . . We have marched south along the base of the Blue Ridge ; then turned to the left, and marched here. We have been on the move for three weeks and two days quite steadily. We left Pleasant Valley ; marched along the Potomac to Berlin ; crossed, camped ; then south through Lovettsville, &c., to Amesville, Jefferson, White Sulphur Springs, Fayetteville, Warrenton Junction ; then straight here, — to wit, a mile from Falmouth, and near Fredericksburg. We have zigzagged over the country (particularly in our marches near the Blue

Ridge) beyond all description; but now we are promised a two-days' halt.

. . . "I wish you, dear —, the pleasantest Thanksgiving you have ever had. I shall, God willing, remember you all most lovingly on that day; and I know you will not forget me. . . . Burnside means to push for Richmond; in what way, I am sure I can't tell or conjecture: but we shall have some *very hard fighting*, I expect, within the next four weeks."

Nov. 28, camp off Fredericksburg. — "We had a quiet Thanksgiving, without any extra dinner, except an old goose and four very *diminutively small* chickens. I thought of home as I sat at the head of the mess-table (made, by the way, of cracker-boxes, and clothless), and wished that I could fill my place, for a short time at least, at home. But I have the consolation of knowing, that, as I came *because I ought, that same 'ought' will keep me up fairly to the mark.*

"I have, at last, received letters here on the infamous soil of Virginia.

"We have a large number of men here, — how large, I don't know; but, I suppose, about seventy thousand.* I wish there were two hundred thousand men; and then — Richmond."

He is just for brigade drill; never having drilled his regiment with brigade.

Dec. 2, same camp. — "I hardly think I can make you a fitting return for all your affectionate and Christian care of me, or all your patient and loving waiting during my slow struggle to work my way in life and gain a place among men. I hope, if my life is spared to return, and with increased knowledge of men, with an experience in rough, practical life of the greatest value to me, and habit of prompt decision, with the attrition of a life as open and public as my former one was secluded and fastidious, to make my fortunes more rapidly than earlier years foreboded."

He says that he is in Sumner's corps, Hooker in the centre (both Massachusetts men), and Franklin on the left. "How we are to get to Richmond," he says, "is the problem. If we go straight by land, the rebels have the railroad direct from Richmond to Fredericksburg, which they will use to retreat on, and

* Perhaps one hundred and ten thousand, as by a subsequent letter.

tear up as fast as we press them back,—leaving us to rebuild and follow as best we can over roads which are like brooks of mud, floating the corduroy logs in a yellow stream (fifty miles of such, with three or four good-sized rivers to fight our way across, lie between us and Richmond) ; while the route by sea will avoid many of these difficulties, render transportation comparatively easy and safe, land us nearer the city, and not compel us to guard an ever-increasing length of line of communication.” He had always been entirely silent on the comparative merits of the generals ; and now, being particularly requested by letter, states his opinion.

Dec. 5, camp near the river, opposite the lower part of Fredericksburg. His regiment just ordered “to the extreme left of the army, to support Battery B of four pieces, second battalion, New-York artillery, stationed on a range of hills overlooking the river ; and the outermost part of the army in this direction, I believe.”

Dec. 6 and 7. — Left flank of army on hills overlooking Fredericksburg. He states that wagons with supplies have arrived in camp ; having been from eight, A.M., till four, P.M., in going three miles. “It was a magnificent night” (Saturday, Dec. 6). “The full moon lighted the snow, and the sparkle of the enemy’s fires on the hills across the river could be distinctly seen.” . . . The Major commanded, ranking the captain of the battery. He is on the extreme left ; “unless they have removed some division down on the other side of the woods, which, like a bow, sweep round the rear of our camp.”

Dec. 7, opposite the lower suburbs of Fredericksburg.—“Night ; quiet till one, A.M. ; then I stump over the crusty snow in company with the officer of the day, whose duties also cover the night, unless the rebels cross, and stir up my camp.” He then gives a vivid description of the scene on that bright moonlight night, and the rebel camp-fires. “It is freezing in true New-England style, and the weather is as genuine an importation from Massachusetts as is our regiment. . . . My tramp to-night is to visit my pickets and guards. I have guards stationed at each of the guns, which peer watchfully through the embrasures of the half-moon in which they are placed. A cold time the sentinels have of it, and the greatest vigilance is needful ; for a rat-tail file and a tap with a hammer would render useless in a moment a superb piece

of ordnance. I don't object to the trip a bit, though it will take me nearly two hours; but for my shoes, which are in sympathy with the shoes of more than two-thirds of the regiment. The soles of both have given way; and the venerated Major's toes are out, as I drew in my letter to—— I shall get along to-night by winding them round with cord (the shoes, not toes); and I hope they will stand the poking through the bushes after my pickets.

"Gen. W. and aide called on me to-day; and I treated them to dinner, through sending out a special forager. . . . I had secured a goose, . . . two small ducks, and had a pudding made. . . . But, alas! there are drawbacks on all human felicity. The mess-tent was so cold, and the pine-logs throughout the camp so obstinately refused to burn, that my tent was nearly at the freezing point: and, when I rose to carve the goose, I was obliged to grasp the carving knife and fork in my fist; and after making sundry vain attempts to hit the joints of the wretched bird, and growing desperate at the consciousness that seven pairs of hungry eyes were fixed on my struggles, I gracefully appealed to the general, who, in his long buckskin gauntlets, succeeded in dismembering the fowl," &c. . . . "Now I have a good fire in front of my tent. Would that I had had it when the shivering general and his shivering aide sat on my bed, and shook in chilly unison!"

He doubts about the next movement, but thinks a force will be detached, and sent to Richmond. "I am very much obliged for your letters. When I get a goodly stock of letters from the mail-bag, I feel that I am still fast in home affections and remembrance; and the memory is one of the greatest enjoyments that I have."

His last letter, a very hurried and brief one in pencil, written on "Friday, Dec. 12," was affectionate as usual. Amongst other things, he says,—

"We shelled and half burnt Fredericksburg yesterday. My regiment and brigade was ordered to be in readiness, and was marched and countermarched; as I will tell at some future time, when I have pen, ink, and opportunity. . . . The whole of Franklin's grand corps is passing in the rear of our camp, crossing the river on the left,—artillery, infantry, and cavalry by the thousands. My men are pretty much used up by want of shoes,

and consequent colds. I had by actual count, yesterday, a force of only three hundred and fifty-three men and seventeen officers with which to go into battle. I hope to write in a few days more fully."

This was either the last letter he wrote, or else the next to the last. It bears the same date with the last letter to his wife. On Saturday, before he fell, his thought must have been upon the impending battle, which proved a day of awful and useless sacrifice,—a holocaust indeed.

As has been seen, he was appointed a captain on the thirteenth day of August last; left Boston with his regiment on the twenty-second of the same month; and, on the twenty-seventh, was appointed a major. When it is remembered that he was in actual command of the regiment, without colonel or lieutenant-colonel, and with but three captains, just about half the time after he left Boston, encumbered with the new, numerous, and sometimes very perplexing, duties of the colonelcy; that he was ill for a fortnight from fatigue and exposure; that he had written about one hundred letters, many of them very long ones, abounding in pen-and-ink sketches,—he would seem to have shown great industry and perseverance in his one hundred and thirteen days' absence from home. The regiment was new and inexperienced; and, with unusual speed,—three weeks and a half from the time of breaking up camp at Lynnfield,—they were in the midst of the severe battle at South Mountain, where they fought like veterans, and began to earn there historical record, enlarged at Antietam, and consummated at Fredericksburg.

The sad duty remains of speaking of the last hours of the Christian soldier; of the man (as truly and tersely described by a friend) "who never raised his arm or his

voice in anger or pride; the self-controlled, highly moral, and exemplary man, whom even the follies of youth never seemed to touch;"—and of adding some of the tributes paid to his memory.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 14, a telegram was received from Falmouth, Va., without date, saying that "Major Willard died this afternoon, at 1.30;" and soon after, in the same evening, a second telegram was received, also without date, that "Major Willard lies in Fredericksburg, wounded, shot through the body," and containing a request to his wife "to come immediately." Nothing further was heard until Monday evening, Dec. 15. Meanwhile the family had been in an agony of suspense, buoyed up with hope against hope. In the confusion of the day, there might have been a mistake in the first telegram received; the son, husband, and brother might be, and perhaps was, living. Several plausible theories were suggested; but Monday evening (when several members of the family, who had left Boston in the morning, were on their way to Washington) brought with it a confirmation of the intelligence.

The principal circumstances in relation to the part he was taking in the bloody fight at Fredericksburg, also the narrative of his fall and death, are contained in the following letter from Capt. Lathrop, who was acting major in the the battle:—

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
Dec. 18, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. WILLARD,—

In compliance with the request of your late husband, it becomes my sad duty to write you the particulars of that event, which, I can assure you, is deplored by the regiment and by myself, no less than by his friends and relations at home. We crossed the river on Friday, Dec. 12. That night, we camped in one of the streets of Fredericksburg; and, the next day, took part in

the battle. The enemy were posted on a range of hills half a mile outside of the town, behind earthworks. The position was one of great strength, and was defended by artillery and infantry. To reach it, we had to pass across an open plain, which was fully exposed to a murderous fire from the enemy's batteries. *Antietam was nothing to it.* We advanced in line of battle; your gallant husband at the head of the regiment, cheering, and encouraging it on. When about half-way across, he was struck by a Minie-ball in the body, and fell prostrate. He soon arose, and was being supported to the rear by one man when I saw him. I immediately went to his assistance, and asked him if he was hit. He said he was, and wished I would help him off the field. I found he was able to walk but a few steps further. To attempt to carry him off the field the way we came on, would have exposed him to another shot. I looked around for a way of escape, and saw a gully running back to the town. To this we carried him; and I sent a man after a stretcher, while I remained with him. While here, we were several times covered with dirt, caused by the enemy's shells striking in close proximity to us. I examined the wound, and did what I could to stanch the blood. After sending the tenderest message to the loved ones at home, and in submission saying, "*But God's will be done,*" he added, "*Tell them I tried to do my duty to my country and to the regiment.*" We remained in this gully an hour, and still no stretcher appeared. The firing seemed to be nearer, and stragglers going to the rear said the enemy were driving us. To attempt to carry your husband on a blanket would expose him to great pain; to remain would endanger our freedom. I decided to adopt the former alternative, and started. Several shot went by us; but none struck our party. Before we reached the town, we met two men of the New-Hampshire Eleventh with a stretcher, and, placing your husband on it, took him to a hospital. A surgeon looked at his wound, and told me to bathe it in cold water; and this was all the dressing I could get any of them to put upon it. I remained with him all night, doing what I could to alleviate his sufferings. We were in a room with thirty others, who had wounds of every description. The night was a terrible one. Groans and cries of agony prevented any rest; but your husband bore his sufferings with the utmost patience. No cry or complaint escaped his lips. With the utmost Christian re-

signation, he endured it all. In the morning, the ball was extracted. At nine, I left him for a few hours to hunt up the regiment, and report what had happened. Before I returned, a messenger came, and reported that the Major was gone. I immediately went to the hospital, and had the body taken to camp and sent to Washington. . . . The sufferings of your husband, before his death, were undoubtedly great; but he bore them like a man. He was fully conscious, when I left him; and I am informed he retained his faculties to the end. . . . In your husband's decease, I have lost a dear and valued friend. I first became acquainted with him in 1854, and have ever since esteemed him highly. The kindly feelings which existed between us, as officers of the same company, did not cease when he left it for the position of Major of the regiment. I know that he entered into this war from no feelings of martial pride, or from a desire to win renown. A military life was distasteful to him; but he felt it his duty to be here, and he remained. He often spoke to me of the peaceful and happy life which he trusted was in store for him when the war should be over. Deeply sympathizing with you in your affliction,

I remain truly yours,

JOHN LATHROP.

The regiment left the city of Fredericksburg at half past eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, and was advancing against the rebels; the Major being in front of color-company B, when he led the regiment to the charge. Capt. Lathrop was in the rear, acting as major. Efforts were made to persuade the Major to order the charge and take his station in the rear, but without success. Waving his sword, and leading on the charge, he was seen to fall; * and the startling cry went forth, that the "Major was down!" A lad in the regiment, by the name of Krill, seems to have

* He was seen by the commander of the next regiment, — the Twenty-first Massachusetts, — very much in advance of his men.

been the first to go to his assistance, having seen him at the moment he was shot; but he was not strong enough to lift him. Private Estes then started to his support, and was helping him through the lines to the rear, when Capt. Lathrop came up on the other side, and the two attempted to take him from the field. They had proceeded but a rod or two, when the Major said, "You must let me lie down: I can't go any further."

They laid him down, put him in a blanket, and endeavored to place him out of the range of the fire; but, the rebels enfilading the road, they removed him just below the bank. Here there was a shelter from the front fire; and, by a little bend in the road, from the cross-fire also. Capt. Lathrop lay down by his side. Here it was, probably, that he requested the captain to give the message to the loved ones at home, as mentioned in the captain's letter; and also expressed his desire to be buried at Mount Auburn.

Within a half hour or hour, two soldiers appeared with a stretcher, and bore him upon it to the hospital of a Connecticut regiment. He was in pain, but never moaned or exclaimed.

Towards night, the surgeon gave him whiskey and morphine; but he doubted whether to take it, saying that he had never drunk whiskey: however, he was induced to consent, and soon became easier. He was thirsty, and wanted water, which was brought; but from self-control, says the captain, he would not drink, but only rinsed his mouth.

He inquired whether his horse had been found, and was told that it had not been.*

* The horse had been tied in Fredericksburg. It was lost during the battle, together with the blankets and haversack. Probably they were stolen. Inquiries were instituted, but with no success.

About nine o'clock on Sunday morning, Capt. Lathrop was obliged to be absent to attend to the regiment, now reduced to less than one-third of its original number. He left the Major calm, quiet, and apparently comfortable; and did not apprehend any early change in his condition. Estes and another private remained in attendance. Acting Lieut-Col. Pratt came in, and found the Major cheerful, affectionate, and resigned; and, on inquiring how he could serve him, was requested to telegraph to his wife to come immediately. He then left to execute his mission, thinking the Major could not live many hours: but it seems doubtful whether the latter, though knowing that he was fatally wounded, thought himself so near his end; for he had had no warning from any former experience of severe illness.

The privates continued in attendance through the closing scene, save that Estes was absent some fifteen minutes, between one and two o'clock, to take some food. The Major had been induced to go to sleep; and he was asleep, lying on his left side, when Estes returned. A motion of the right shoulder was noticed: presently his lips were seen to move; his eyes were open, and rolled up. Estes felt his pulse, and found none;* he felt his hands, they were cold. He called the surgeon, who confirmed his fears that all was over. The Major had entered into his rest.

This brief narrative contains substantially the little, but all, that has thus far been gathered, of the last hours and death of Major Sidney Willard.

As he lay in the repose of death in the home of his youth, his expression was natural and life-like, as of one who had returned wearied with conflict, and had sunk into a calm but thoughtful and semi-conscious slumber.

* Capt. Lathrop said he had no pulse after he was wounded.

Religious services were held at the late residence of the deceased; but the family yielded to the urgency of respected friends, who said there was a strong desire and expectation of a more public demonstration. The West Church was crowded at his public obsequies, and they were of a most impressive character. The military escort detailed by the Governor was composed of the Independent Company of Cadets, of which, for several years, he had been a member; and of the Washington Home Guard of Cambridge, which he had so carefully instructed. Nor were the Weston men, the yeomanry of the land, who had been trained by him, — those of them who had not gone to the war, — wanting in their attendance, and tribute of respect.

Omitting the numerous and private testimonials to his memory, and those published in the journals of the day, it will not be inappropriate to add, as of a more public character, the resolutions of the Cadets, those of the Home Guard, and those of his classmates of Harvard College.

Resolutions passed by the Independent Company of Cadets,

DEC. 20, 1862.

“Whereas the Independent Company of Cadets have heard with feelings of sorrow of the death of their fellow-member, Major Sidney Willard, of the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, by wounds received in battle; and —

“Whereas we have experienced, by his decease, another loss to the many we have already sustained during the present Rebellion; therefore —

“*Resolved*, That while we mourn his loss, and offer our sincere sympathies to his bereaved widow (thus suddenly called upon to part with the object of her affections) and to his family and surviv-

ing relatives, we remember the undaunted courage and patriotism which marked his short career, and the bravery which distinguished him in the field of battle in fighting against the enemies of our Constitution and civil liberties.

“Resolved, That the strong attachment he always evinced for this corps during his membership; his lively interest in its welfare; his firm, unswerving integrity as a man and a citizen; with the devotion to the cause for which he went forth to do battle, under circumstances of no ordinary nature, sundering the sacred ties which bind a man to those most beloved by him, — will endear his memory to us, and cause his name to be mentioned with feelings of admiration and respect by his former comrades, while his death will add another name to the roll of departed heroes who have gone forth from our ranks to uphold our national honor and integrity.

“Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this corps, and a copy sent to the widow of the late Major Willard, with the tender of our respectful sympathies in her great bereavement.

“CHAS. E. STEVENS, *Clerk I. C. C.*”

At a meeting of the Washington Home Guard of Cambridge, held at their armory, Dec. 15, the following resolutions, presented by the Hon. Emory Washburn, were unanimously adopted, and communicated to the family of Major Willard, together with an offer of the services of the company as a funeral escort:—

“Resolved, That the Washington Home Guard have heard with deep sorrow and regret of the death of Major Sidney Willard, of the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, who fell in the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th inst. In justice to the memory of one who was endeared to them by many considerations, they cannot withhold this expression of their high appreciation of his character as a soldier, as a gentleman, and as a friend. They will ever cherish a remembrance of him as their much-esteemed commander and military instructor, and will often hereafter recall the pleasant associations which characterized his relations as one of their number. Falling as he has done, in the

vigor of his manhood, in a cause to which he had devoted his noblest energies, his country has to lament the loss of a brave officer, the State a citizen of high promise and unswerving integrity, his friends a true-hearted man, and his family one endeared to them by the ties of the warmest affection.

"The Home Guard would tender to the family of their late associate their most cordial sympathy, while they place upon their record this testimonial of their esteem.

"W. P. ATKINSON, *Clerk W. H. G.*"

Resolutions passed at a Meeting of the Class of 1852, held in Boston,

DEC. 17, 1862.

"*Resolved*, That we have heard with deep sorrow of the death of our class-mate, Major Sidney Willard.

"But it is consoling to remember, that he died nobly in battle for his country, at the head of his regiment; and that he has added fresh honor to a name distinguished in the annals of New England and of our college in more than one generation.

"He was the first of our number to lay down his life for the country; and his name shall be treasured up in our hearts with everlasting respect and honor. He was one with whose memory nothing which is not truthful and pure and upright and courageous and honorable can ever be associated.

"We remember that our friend entered the service from a conviction of duty and an honorable sensitiveness, — countervailing the advice of friends, — which led him to think that one, so well qualified as he, ought not to be absent from the field; and we remember also the costly sacrifice which he then made of domestic happiness, of business prospects, and of strong natural tastes and predilections for peaceful pursuits.

"Many of us mourn the loss of a personal friend, — generous, incorruptible, steadfast, pure, of a strong and widely cultivated mind, and a heart singularly affectionate, and sensitive to every sentiment of honor.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of Major Willard, with the expression of our deepest and most respectful sympathy.

"S. M. QUINCY, *Chairman*.

"HENRY G. DENNY, *Secretary*."

"IN MEMORY OF MAJOR SIDNEY WILLARD.

Called from the din of battle and the rush of earthly strife
 To the peace past understanding of a new and endless life,
 No long and wasting sickness wore away that noble form,
 Trained in temperance and virtue to be the worthy home
 Of the soul that dwelt within it, till the sudden summons came
 To crown the patriot hero with the dying martyr's fame;
 To lead the heart, that here was blessed, by perfect, changeless love,
 To its endless consummation in the Father's home above.
 As we mourn the life thus ended in all the pride of youth,
 Let us strive to make ours like it in manliness and truth:
 And though 'tis hard for us to see the brightest and the best
 Thus taken, when so many are longing for their rest;
 Yet we *trust* the perfect wisdom which we cannot understand,
 And bow in meek submission 'neath the loving, chastening hand."

